FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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A SASSANAGH DUKE.

Written for the IRISH NATIONALIST
BY M'LOUGHLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22d, 1874.

Arise! men of Connaught, both kern and bonacht—
Shout whillew over mountain and vale,
Embrace, one and other, your darling stepmother
Brings joy to the hearts of the Western Gael.
She tells you forget the pitch-cap and triangle,
But the blood of your martyrs mounts high in rebuke—
Fling back the foul spawn of your country's oppression,
The men of the west hate a Sassanagh Duke.

Oh! well-beloved Ireland, mother and sireland!
May God's choicest blessings be ever on thee;
Never disgrace the grave of Charicarde,
Work silent and steady that you may be free,
But when he comes o'er to the land of O'Connor,
Was his patent as pure as the gospel of Luke,
Shake in his face the dry bones of Ed. Duffy,
For the men of the west hate a Sassanagh Duke.

I ne'er went a cent on the creed of Mahomet,
But I swear on my soul I had rather Turk
Than go back on the true men I met in the old land—
Bains, Roantree, O'Donnavan, Luby and Burke.
They say I've grown cold, but don't credit it comrades!
For Mac. is still true to the first vow he took;
Give but a sign and you'll find him still ready
To resist the Dutch claims of the Charistan Duke.

The New Dukedom.

The *Daily News* says:—There is something in the creation of Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught which suggests the consecration of a bishop *in partibus infidelium*. The Irish Land of the West has seldom, if ever, been visited by one of our royal families. Wicklow, Cork, and Kerry have been slightly favored in this way; but Connemara and the grim holms and lonely swamps of the poorest of the Irish provinces are not familiar to the Duke who derives his title from the district. At present Connaught is quiet, though order may not reign in the capital always. It is difficult for the electors there to forget the old traditions of contest for the honor of representing them, and, as we know, they are at present under punishment for allowing themselves to be misled. Whether they will think a compliment has been paid them by the creation of Prince Arthur Duke of Connaught is difficult for any one, except, perhaps, Archbishop McHale, to prognosticate; but the Duke might make himself acquainted with Mayo and Roscommon this summer leaving the Claddagh and the City of the Tribes for a future tour, when the irritation consequent on the results of recent electioneering indiscretions becomes allayed.

THE IRISH FLAX TRADE AND NEW FACTORY BILL.—A influential deputation of gentlemen interest in the flax manufacture in Ireland, accompanied by several members of Parliament, had an interview with Mr. Cross at the Home Office, on May 19th, on the subject of the proposed new Factory Bill. The object sought was to obtain the consent of the Government to the exemption of Ireland from the provisions of the Bill altogether, on the ground that the operation would prove seriously detrimental to the interests of the one textile industry followed in that country. The effect of the Home Secretary's reply was that he could afford the deputation no hope whatever that the Government would entertain such a proposition. He did not conceive that the manufacturers of Ireland had any claim to be placed in a different position from those of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who had consented to accept the compromise of 56½ hours which is embodied in the Bill. Among the deputation were Sir John Savage, Messrs. Malcomson, M'Cance, Gunham, Carlisle, Finton, Connor, and Moreland. They were accompanied by Messrs. J. P. Corry, M.P.; Law, M.P.; Smith, M.P.; Chaine, M.P.; Sharman Crawford, M.P.; Collins, M.P.; and Mulholland, M.P.

A JOHN BULL, conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "I don't know the reason why?" asked John. "Because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

FATHER SHEEHY'S LECTURE.

"The Genius of Irish Liberty."

(From the Irish American.)

ANNEXED we give a report of the Lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Sheehy, at Ferrero's (Tammany) Hall, New York, on the evening of the 7th ult. General T.F.Bourke occupied the chair on the occasion, and the audience comprised between a thousand and twelve hundred persons.

General Bourke on coming forward to introduce the Reverened lecturer said—Ladies and gentleman, the duties of a chairman are so clearly defined and so very well known, that very little is left for me to do more than to introduce the lecturer. However, on this occasion, it affords me particular pleasure to preside at this lecture, and to introduce to you one whom many of you have heard before, and all who have heard of him must admire his sterling worth as a genuine Irishman (cheers.) Therefore, without any further remarks, or occupying any more of your time, I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Eugene Sheehy. Loud cheering greeted the Rev. gentleman as he bowed to his enthusiastic friends and began as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My subject to-night as announced, is—"The Genius of Irish Liberty" (applause). Of all the blessings decreed unto man, the divine boon of liberty is eminently the richest, noblest, holiest, and best; the best in the whole wide range of natural goods, the richest as the nurse and the parent of a hundred other gifts equally beneficient, equally prolific; the holiest as the influence which wisely subordinated to, and inspired by the still higher influence of religion, most exalts man to that lofty moral influence, reaching which, he may be truly said to be like unto God and reflect His attributes. Only the free man can be said to revel in his high manhood; and reft of this divine quality, man sinks to a grade infinitely below the object of his destiny. By creation man is born king of this wide earth, and lord of all creatures that move upon its surface. By destiny and inheritance he has a partnership of happiness and glory even with God. Thus man, with no distinction of tribe, or class, or caste, or color, holds from God his character of nobility, he is lord and king (applause). Hence, any condition unbefitting this,—God's noblest creature,—mars the Creator's providence, contravenes His laws, and is blasphemy against His widom and His power (applause). God creates no slave; because the slave—the helot—mirrors not his image. God s anathema is upon all tyranny, because that system which would degrade or deform the human type of God must be accursed of heaven (cheers). Hence, in the order formed and decreed as just by Him, human liberty is the highest condition, the sacred right of nations and of men.

Such is liberty in its objective sense; and subjectively to the soul of man, it is owned as an instinct, as an inspiration, as a law; and owning that law, and obedient to its impulses, one grand sovereign thought has swayed and moved humanity from the beginning; and it is that life was not life without this blessing, and death was not death if only this priceless boon could be gained thereby (cheers); the feeling that it is liberty which gives to the flower of fleeting life its lustre and perfume, and men are weeds without it. Restrained, indeed, it has been by barbarism, and marred by ignorance, and crushed by despotism, and polluted by crime, and defiled by cruelty, and reddened by the unheard of tortures of human cannibalism. But it is dear to us for all that; we believe in it, we love it, it is burned deep into the truth of things; and in modern days,—in our day at least, liberty is grandly revealing itself to be a condition as incident to the genius and spirit of modern civilization, consequently of human progress, and as necessary as that day should follow night according to the law and order marked by heaven (loud cheering).

With us of the Irish race, liberty has ever been the grand governing principle. Defeat was not too much for it; disaster was its triumph; for in that crisis, which threatened to be a nation's doom, the gathered energies of the Irish soul gave birth to a young generation, and hopes and visions which seemed forever marred and blotted burst forth once more with all the force and splendor of reality [cheers]. The child may desert the mother, and the mother may desert the child; but never from the Irish heart will be absent the deathless love for its fair though helpless motherland, nor the deathless faith in her final triumph [great cheers]. At very dark periods of our history, it is true, the world looked upon her as a crushed and humbled nation, and listened in vain for the usual strainings of resistance. But, as the star, at noon time, may seem to vanish from the human eye, and not to be seen in the common day,—though, all the while, its course is stepped not, in its onward, upward, —— way,—even so it is with this sleepless passion of the Irish soul; beneath the outward seeming of sleep and torpor, its strivings and its strugglings have been ever felt (cheers). Thus, in our three long centuries of struggle with the Northmen, never was patriotism so grandly vindicated, never had liberty a more righteous triumph. Yet, often, in that well nigh endless struggle, did our nation seem to gasp in death, in every field which it had conquered. But, whether in exhaustion, in defeat, or in victory, the spirit which, like an inspiration, lighted, lifted and sustained us, and ever shone like sunlight upon on the uplifted battle-brand, and gave nerve to brave men in that ceaseless strife, until, in final issue, passing from heart to heart, and firing the manhood of the nation, Clontarf was conquered and the nation saved (loud cheers);—the spirit, I say which, like a creative power, renewed in our fathers an immortal energy to fight and to die, and at last to win in that strife of centuries, was the genius and spirit of Irish liberty (renewed cheers). And thus it came to pass that the sea-king failed to become our king.

Coming down to a later period, the first of English rulers, who fought for the complete and final conquest of our island was Elizabeth; and the first of the native chiefs who gave battle for native liberty was Hugh O'Neil. And as Elizabeth was the greatest of the English rulers so was Hugh O'Neil the greatest of Ireland's sons (cheers). I make a boast, that not a grander figure graces and ennobles history than Hugh O'Neil, from that hour forth, when, spurning his English titles,—spurning them as paltry baubles,—he assumed, instead, the role and the mission of an Irish chief; and spreading his flag of the "Red Hand" upon his walls at Dungannon, consecrated it to Irish liberty (continued cheering). Oh! that was an hour of radient promise for Ireland. Wildly did the king bird of liberty scream around that "Red Hand" standard, as waving in the crimson light of a hundred conquered fields, it reflected and flashed over the land a beam it caught from the redeeming sword of that illustrious chief, which dug deep, wide graves for army after army of England's choicest enivalry. And bright was the promise that kissed his own great soul in gladness, as mounting higher and yet higher in hope and purpose, he ambitioned to be another Brian;—to unite the chieftains of the land in one great confederacy; round them to group the free clans of a nation,—to group them all beneath a nation's flag and range them in their combined strength to the charge for Ireland and for liberty (applause). It was O'Neil's dream,—it was his cherished and, for a time his well-founded hope;—it was Mountjoy's hope—it was his triumph to defeat these plans of our illustrious chief; and beneath their ruins were buried the fortunes of the O'Neils forever, and the hope of Ireland for a time. But not one half century had passed away before the Irish nation was once more in the battle harness, fighting for native liberty. In 1642, another confederation was established, and another O'Neil was there to lead it.—Owen Roe (tremendous cheers),

"Owen Roe, our own Owen Roe
He treads once more our land;
The sword he bears is of Spanish steel;
But the hand is an Irish hand."

(continued cheers).

Dark, indeed and wintry was the sky which loomed above our island when this, the greatest of all the O'Neil's (as John Mitchel calls him) planted there a new star of hope, and filled it—first with the light of his own imperial soul, and, afterwards, with the brighter glory of his victory of Benburb (cheers) Again there was fire in the soul, there was light and hope in the heart of Ireland. When lo! the giant destroyer appears upon the scene. Cromwell comes (hissing). O'Neil was down in Derry; and with flaming sword he marched apace to give the enemy battle. Alas, for native liberty! O'Neil and Cromwell never met. Our chieftain was poisoned on the way, and his grave at Cloughoughter was the grave once more of Irish liberty. The great Napoleon is reported to have said (I know not on what authority I recall the fact), that, regicide in his various battles and in his various and splendid victories, our chieftain, of all who crossed the path of the great Owen Roe Mac Art O'Neil, was the only one that was fit to cope with [Cromwell in splendid battle (loud cheers).

I have said that Irish liberty found a grave at Cloughoughter; but again observe that less than half a century will have passed away before the world again should behold the Irish nation once more in battle harness,—this time, alas! not battling for native liberty so much as for the personal cause of English Catholic restoration in the person of the miserable and cowardly James (hissing). The treaty of Limerick was the sole fruit of final victory,—the fruit of matchless heroism;—"Dead sea fruit," indeed with a core of bitterness and ashes to mock and to mortify the heroes and the heroines whose dauntless bravery conquered at the breach, and formed one of the most brilliant as it is the most touching episode in the annals of Irish chivalry. "Dead sea fruit!" Yes, that treaty of Limerick, as I read it, was the charter of Irish slavery [applause]. Had Sarsfield stipulated a verbatim contract with the British enemy,—had he not taken into it the guarantee, written down in the treaty, signing away the right of the Irish people to nationhood, I could pardon the fault, though it was false in its inception and in its conclusion. But, my friends, it was written on the granite that yet exists in that "City of the Violated Treaty;" and rejected or respected, revoked or ratified, I say that the Treaty of Limerick was the charter of Irish slavery (applause). By it indeed, certain meagre favors and paltry boons were guaranteed to the poor Catholic serfs: but what mattered such privileges, even though they were of a higher order, when the grand charter the priceless treasure of a nation's liberty is signed away. Ah! we have had other stipulations with the same power, dishonorable to us and advantageous always to England; and the modern affair,—the most modern of all that was declared and decreed and glorified as a national blessing, has proved to be a national curse—Catholic Emancipation (cheers). Ah! yes and "as we became emancipated," in the words of one of our writers,—"the chains were just loosened on our limbs, that we might work more easily in our thraldom." Need I tell the intelligent thinkers here to night that, for the boon of emancipation, much of the manhood, much of the virtue, and much of the truth of Ireland has been bartered away and placed as a tribute in the lap of England (applause). I wish Catholicity in Ireland was carried back to the horrors of the Penal Days; and in ten years from now,—not one decade of years would have passed away, before we would have every Catholic in Ireland a flaming rebel, and a flaming rebellion in every corner and field of Ireland; and we the Irish people, would at last pluck our liberty from the grasp of England (tremendous cheers).

Limerick fell in 1688, and fell in spite of the women [loud and continued cheering]. Yes; God bless the women of Ireland!—for the sacred cause of liberty,—this imperishable principle of Irish nationality would long have perished, if there was, not Irish women's love and Irish women's enthusiasm to keep it in her heart, and keep it fresh and warm [cheers]. And, my friends, in this connection it is something to be vain of, and to remember the fact of being the son an Irish woman,—the son of a Limerick mother [enthusiastic applause]. Limerick fell in 1688; and then did the flower of Irish chivalry go abroad,—to France, to Spain, and to Austria. They ever yearned to return; they burned to return; but alas, for them! We can only surmise that they died, like Sarsfield; and, doubtless, as they lay pouring their blood on many fields whereon they had witnessed to the nations the matchless bravery of our impetuous race,—they all sent forth their spirits to God with a last sigh of regret upon their lips, a last vow leaping from their hearts, and a last dying groan of agony, not that they died, but that they had not died for Ireland [great cheering].

Then the dark, impenetrable night settled upon our country. Not a star was visible above the horizon to fling its genial light over the land. The genius of Swift, and Lucas, and Molineux, and others shone at brief and distant intervals; but their patriotism, their light and lore shone with a cold, sickly, mocking light upon the tortures of the abject Catholic serf. But what is that beacon on the headland?—what is that voice that cometh down, sounding through the solitude of that night? What is that beacon-light that flings it ray to cheer the darkened pathway,—that flings it beams on the darkest and most troubled waters? What is that genial light that, shining upon the heart of Ireland, gave it hope, and gave strength and power and an imperishable life to the broken and disabled people, rendering them exhaustless and imperishable as a race? It was still the genius of Irish liberty?

At length, towards the close of that century, two revolutions spoke a great truth into the world's ear,—spoke into the heart of the nations the right of men above the right of rulers; and despotism, for the first time in modern history, stood face to face with the great Democracy of France and of America [cheers]. The first-named appeared as in a sipping of blood; its wildest rage, its greatest triumphs have been heralded to us as of blood; and in blood it was crushed out. The other revolution has lived with a young immortal life, the direct agent of heaven, to lead men forward and upward in the grand march of civilization. This revolution was a power which was destined to build up a future that was to be the hope of humanity. This had instruments well worthy of imitation, no doubt, in this particular; and the despotism which was the object of her smitting was the despotism which had committed crimes in the whole long course of its history against God, against pity, and against mercy. I can well conceive how heaven rejoiced in that hour, as all looked forth into the future, and saw here the budding flower in its fragrance, and the fruit in the future hour,—not for man to see, but visible and present to the eye of God,—when the saviours and the redeemers of the great Republican idea in modern times,—the evangelists of that principle of nations,—drew the sword in America, and swore before heaven that the sword should never be sheathed until it had given to the winds of heaven the shattered fragments of the power and despotism of England within the shores of America [cheers].

And the shoutings of victory, and the ringing of musketry that challenged despotism to surrender here, spoke in a powerful voice; and that voice rolled in volume of joyful sound across the Atlantic wave, and struck an echo in the heart of Ireland,—of our fathers.—Yes, our fathers; though they were Protestant fathers, they were sons of Ireland, as we are; and they stood up for native right and home; and they, too, drew the sword, and drew their cannon along the streets of Dublin; and, in the yet slumbering voice of their cannon, there was a thunderous appeal, which found an echo in the heart of England; because upon the muzzles were the lables,—"Free trade,"—that is liberty,"—or else"—(tremendous applause).

But, my friends, those conversant with our history of that period, know that the liberty conquered in that hour was phantom liberty;—it was a myth, an abstraction: it was not tangible: it was not a thing that men could see with their eyes, hear with their ears, or handle with their hands. There was no soul in the nation of '82; there was no heart in the nation of '82; because, if there was a soul there would be intelligence, and if there was a heart there would be pity. There was neither intelligence nor pity, else the Catholic emancipation, wrung at a later period from an unwilling monarch, would be conceded to the poor Catholics; and Ireland, built up as a nation, could withstand in that hour the shock of the armies of English despotism [loud cheers]. But there was not intelligence, there was not heart, there was not manhood in the nation of '82! Why? Because it was a liberty that was purchased by the mere asking. Those cannon never spoke; the swords of the "Volunteers" were flashed but never fleshed. The nation, in the concrete, must be pretty much like the individual; there must be a soul in it;—there must be blood in it;—there must be brain, flesh and sinew in it, if it would live to stand the shock. If those men of '82,—the "Volunteers,"—that in that hour accomplished the solution of the great problem, and dream of ages in the Irish nation,—had they stood up in splendid battle, and made their lives the holocaust of their liberty, and won it by manly means, the nation had then for ever ransomed and secured the principle of liberty. Had we but brain, and blood, and manhood in the nation, then Ireland's nationality would not have been buried, a few years afterwards, in the red graves of '98 [cheers].

When liberty ceased to speak next, it was in the hour of exhaustion,—the hour of defeat and terror, which succeeded the horrors of '98. In my review of the history of Irish liberty, I might here well pause, if time permitted, to speak of the horrors and the glories of that immortal hour [cheers]. I might well pause to speak of the glories of '98,—of the glories of Wexford battle-fields, whereon a race of sleeping giants, stung to madness, goaded on by the cruelest wrongs, stood, at length at bay on the Hill of Oulart, and, in their giant rush, sent Colonel Foote, who went to meet them, footing it back for refuge to Wexford, to bear the tidings of the ignoble defeat and wholesale slaughter of his "North Cork" Janizaries [cheers]. Ah! my friends, remember that Wexford was isolated, unsupported, unofficered, outnumbered, and out-generaled. Had she been but supported by a thorough organization of the rest of Ireland, it is the opinion of the best thinkers and writers of our history, that one week after she had sent that Colonel Foote footing it from Oulart, would have seen her guarding a nation's flag within the walls of our capital; and, as it is, neither Ireland, nor the sons or daughters of Wexford, especially, have any need to blush;—they need not "fear to speak of '98" (cheers). I am not speaking of the horrors of that period, but merely to urge your memories on in regard to the constitution of the drum-head courts-martial, the triangle, the hanging by the cross-ways, and the fixing of whole rows of grinning, fleshless skulls on the jail walls of Irish cities, and the rest of those infamies that have given an immortality of infamy to the names of the Bereiords, the Norburys, the Sirrs, the Hepenstalls, and the rest of the endless litany of ruffians and janizaries who did England's work of ruin and torture in our pitiful and unpitied island. Since that hour of '98 there has been one passion in the soul of Ireland,—a passion that is becoming intensified with the growing intelligence of the masses of our countrymen—a passion that is growing strong as a principle and bright as an inspiration; and it is the passion of love for Ireland and of unmitigated hostility, which has been fanned into a hatred—which has been received from their mother's milk, as an inheritance, and fanned to a frenzy, stung to madness, against England—[cheers]. I speak of madness when there is question of hostility. Remember that the pages of our history, rightly interpreted, speak to the Irish soul, and to the intellect, and to the heart of Ireland—that the only boon and the only duty which England has earned from us, as a people, is not, indeed, love, nor gratitude, nor smiles, nor friendship, but she has earned wrath and revenge and rebellion and resistance;—it is the cup which her own hand has mixed; and I tell you that when it is possible for us, we will return it to the lips of her whose hand had poured it out (loud applause).

Again, a dark, heavy dream brooded over the soul of Ireland,—a nightmare in very deed,—stagnating the warm, fresh current of health and life, until, in the year of '41, and especially in '43, the cry of "Repeal," like a signal-fire went flashing through the island. The soul of Ireland had never been dead; she had only slept. Her soul and spirit went down with Emmet, into his early grave; the flag of Ireland lay prostrate by that uninscribed tomb; and there was despair in the heart of the nation that it could ever be lifted again and shook to the stars of our northern sky; but the undercurrent,—the soul of Ireland woke up when the promise was given to her that there was now another chance; and her sons ranged themselves around him who gave the promise of nationhood. Oh, that was a time of much illusion;—it was an hour of much conceit; and it was an hour of much deceit. It was an hour in which a whole generation of fools, flatterers and flunkeys sat down and became the curse of Irish liberty [applause]. It deluged our poor country with a whole Olympiad of cant and humbug; yet it was the parent of a glorious offspring;—and its offspring had life, because that it was placed in guardianship of the young offspring of resistance and persistence against the peace humbug of that hour,—it was placed in the guardianship of the young manhood of Ireland and the imperishable principles of liberty; that offspring was the mighty men and peerless principles of '48 [loud cheering].

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)

OH YES! I AM AN IRISH GIRL.

BY CAILIN GAELACH.

On yes! I am an Irish Girl,
Tho' far from Erin's shore;
I ne'er expect to rest my eyes
Upon her green hills more.
'Tis far away that Munster vale
Where childhood's hours I passed,
But in my heart and on my brain
Its memory long will last.

I live to love thee, Erin dear,
To mourn the bitter fate
That bound thee to a foreign yoke
And crushed thee 'neath its weight.
Yet what avail now bitter words,
Or sighs, to break that chain?
On thy oppressors' cruel hearts
Our tears would fall in vain.

But thou hast noble sons and brave
This fair land scattered o'er;
In time they'll cross the ocean wave
And seek thy shore once more.
They came as flying fugitives—
As warriors back they'll go:
In each firm hand a bright steel brand
To smite the dastard foe.

The victory won, they'll raise thee up,
(Oh Heaven, haste that day!)
And from thy lips the bitter cup
Of sorrow dash away;
And bathed in Freedom's beauteous light,
Thy emerald flag shall wave,
And Freedom's name freemen shall write
Above thy Emmet's grave.

O God, forbid that in my heart
One bloody wish should dwell,
One sigh revengeful on my lips
Or in my bosom swell.
But this I know—if Irishmen
Would win again their right,
'Tis not with words, but well plied sword,
That they can gain the fight.

Thro' blood and tears in former years
Were riveted our chains;
Thro' blood and tears in coming years
Will freedom bless our plains.
And maiden though I am, I own
That I would rather far,
Than live a slave in idle peace
To fall in righteous war.

I'd rather freedom with a crust
Than live a pampered slave,
Than bow before a rule unjust
I'd fill a pauper's grave.
What prouder death could hero wish
Than struggling for the green?
Oh I'd rather die an Irish Girl
Than live an English Queen.—*Irish World.*

Royal Scandal.

[Correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Graphic.]

The Queen has gone off to Balmoral, leaving her Imperial guest, the Emperor of Russia in London. On the face of it this is a piece of gross rudeness that a less important personage than the Czar might justly resent with anger. The Court party here excuse it by saying that the health of the Queen has greatly suffered in consequence of the unusual exertions she has made and the excitement to which she has been subjected, first by the arrival of her new daughter-in-law, and then by the advent of the Czar, and that her doctors have ordered her off to Scotland in order that she may have immediate rest and quiet. The truth is, I believe, that Her Majesty is suffering from one of her periodical attacks of which Mr. Disraeli calls "mental disability," and that it has been caused mainly by the chagrin which she experienced by being compelled to yield to the Czar in the matter of the concession to his daughter of the rights of rank which he claims for her. I have been greatly amused to observe the zeal with which the English people take up the Queen's side in

THIS LITTLE FAMILY QUARREL,

And insist that the Grand Duchess has been "honored" by being introduced into "our royal family," and should be satisfied at taking any back seat that was awarded her. The Czar and his daughter did not see the matter in this light, and, as he insisted upon having his way, the *Court Journal* has been compelled to announce that hereafter the young lady shall be styled "Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Russia," and that "she shall take precedence immediately after the Princess of Wales." This concession has been gall and wormwood to the Queen and to her daughters, and the mortification arising therefrom is the real cause of the present illness of Her Majesty and of her untimely flight to Scotland.

The Queen, with all her virtues, takes queer freaks now and then, and acts in a manner that gives rise to unfavorable remarks. She has never been very fond of her youngest son—Prince Leopold—and she has lately displayed a curious indifference concerning him. The poor fellow is a student at Oxford where he is said to be very much liked. For some weeks he has been dangerously ill—so ill that at times his life was believed to be in danger. The Queen did not visit him, nor did she send for him to come to her. The young man saw nothing of the fetes at Windsor or London in honor of the Czar and his daughter, and now his mother has gone off to Scotland, leaving him in a suffering condition and of danger. Still, Victoria is "the model and exemplar of all the domestic virtues."

BLIND MONARCHY WORSHIPPERS.

"With a fixed and half sad expression the Emperor sat while the whole ochestral force sang:

God save the noble Czar,
Long may he live in power,
Dread of his enemies,
Faith's sure defender—
God save the Czar.'

"We (*London Universe*) assure our readers that if we have not invented one word of the above—it we have not invented one word of the above—it is the report, seriously given in the 'Daily News,' of what occurred at the Crystal Palace the other day. It only shows the universal reign of humbug and unreality. A Protestant orchestra and choir, which for the moment represented the queen, the government, and all England, to make him the "dread of his enemies," that is, of ourselves, especially in India, and as a climax to folly and impiety, saluted the Russian bear as 'Faith's sure defender.' The Greek schismatic, who holds no doctrine in common with the Anglican heresy, complimented by the latter as 'Faith's sure defender!' This is really too much even for Protestant digestion, and will no doubt produce a fit of dyspepsia among the clericals of Exter Hall. The fact of the Archbishop of Canterbury presented the emperor with a Bible in Russ (of which we shall speak next week) is positively common sense by the side of the above outrage."—"London Universe."

Victorias' Letter to the Richmond Loyalists.

THE extraordinary letter we (*Irish World*) give below is *a free translation* into plain English of VICTORIA'S message to the Richmond loyalists on receiving a telegram intimating that her birthday was being observed as a holiday by the Englishmen of that city. In her diplomatic correspondence with this country, VICTORIA is a sing-song, melifluous nightingale, observing caution to timidity, but in this latest epistolary effort she appears just as she is, without either disguise or domino. The pathetic allusions to "our royal grandfather" will capture by storm the heart of every true Briton. Welsh marble is unemotional, otherwise how the statue of GEORGE III. would grin at the allusions to his "blessed memory!" This is the letter:

VICTORIA BY THE GRACE OF GOD DEFENDER OF THE FAITH AND QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN COLONIES, TO HER SUBJECTS IN THE UNITED STATES, GREETING.

Your message of 25th inst., announcing that our birth-day is being observed as a holiday by our loyal subjects in Richmond, has been extremely pleasing to us. It is consoling to know that in a nation whose pretended right to be called such sprang from rebellion against our royal grandfather, George III., of glorious and blessed memory, and whose people hate our glorious institutions, a few noble souls are still willing to risk their lives, if such a sacrifice were needed, for the preservation of our dynasty.

You are well aware, beloved subjects, that, had it not been for the disloyalty of the Americans of the last century, headed by that arch rebel George Washington, we could now claim the continent of America as one of our provinces. Washington, ever since he struck the first blow against the sacred throne of our lamented grandfather, George III., has been justly regarded as a rebel and a traitor to his king; and this stigma is alone sufficient to consign him to everlasting infamy and to call forth the execrations of every loyal British subject.

You are aware, too, beloved subjects, that the stability of our throne and the integrity of our empire were treathened, but a few years ago, by parties of daring and audacious rebels known as Fenians, who (following the example of the traitor Washington) aimed at the subversion of our authority in Ireland, and contemplated the raising of that British province to the dignity of a nation. And, in further imitation of the traitor Washington, those rebels wished to establish a republican form of government in Ireland. Some of those rebels we hanged, others we threw into prison, where they still are and shall remain until they rot. Beloved subjects, we consider those Fenians as odious, as disreputable, and as much to be condemned as George Washington and his fellow-conspirators, with their bands of French and Irish rebels of that time.

It is not our custom, beloved subjects, thus to express our *real sentiments* in this matter. Our diplomatic relations with the so-called United States (which is now a *de facto* government) would not warrant the policy of the pronounced expression of our likes and dislikes. But we unbosom our thoughts to you, beloved subjects, as private individuals, with the same freedom as to our own children. Because we feel confident that, if war should take place between England and the so-called United States, we could depend on you as a civil garrison in the enemy's country.

Wishing you much happiness, and hoping you will ever remain unshaken in your allegiance to our crown and throne, we shall ever count you amongst our loyal and beloved subjects.

VICTORIA.

Given at Windsor this 26th day of May, 1874, and thirty-sixth year of our reign.

The Arrest of a Russian Grand Duke.

SOME particulars concerning the arrest of the Grand Duke Nicolaus Constantinovitch are given by a correspondent of the *Continental Herald*, who writes:—The father of the young prince, the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolajevitch, left Stuttgart for St. Petersburg without the other members of his family, immediately after the celebration of his daughter's marriage with the Duke Eugen of Wurtemberg. Directly after his arrival in St. Petesburg, General Trepow, the excellent superintendent of the police, who seems to have been chiefly instrumental in arresting the Grand Duke, went most unexpectedly abroad on a long leave of absence, and it is generally supposed in St. Petersburg that this high functionary has fallen into disgrace. Respecting the cause of the arrest, the *Augsburg Gazette* says that the Grand Duke was imprisoned for stealing his mother's diamonds, and that he was driven to this act by the extravagance of his mistress. In order to draw him from the dangerous charms of this mistress, and remove him from St. Petersburg, the Emperor had appointed him commander of the Amu Expedition, which was to leave the Russian capital on the 26th of April. The departure of the expedition for the organisation of which the Russian Geographical Society had been very active, was suddenly, at the last moment, deferred to an uncertain period, and the members selected for it are still in St. Peterasburg. It is very doubtful if the Grand Duke's command of the expedition would have been any benefit to him, for the first compulsory separation from the object of his fatal love, when ordered by the Emperor to join in the campaign against Khiva, seemed only to heighten the intensity of his affection. Immediately on his return to St. Petersburg the *liaison* was renewed. The recklessness of the Grand Duke is much to be regretted. In spite of his youth—he is only 24 years of age—Nicolaus Constantinovitch has already distinguished himself by his bravery, and especially during the last campaign gained the approbation of General Kaufmann, then his commander-in-chief. On the last St. George's festival in St. Petersburg, the Emperor decorated his eldest nephew with his own hands, by conferring on him the Orden of St. Andrew. The Grand Duke Nicolaus is of a tall, manly appearance; his pale and beardless face has something of the Sclavonic type in its expression, which is increased by his hair being cut close to his head. The last time I saw him was in Berlin, at the State dinner given in the White Hall of the Royal Castle in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return from Russia. He sat near the eldest daughter of Prince Frederich Carl, and rendered himself rather conspicuous by his continued silence. It is to be hoped that on the marriage of his daughter Wjera the Grand Duke Conefanstine succeeded in obtaining from the Emperor the pardon of his unworthy son, and that the young prince will in future endeavor to amend his faults. The behavior of the Emperor Alexander in allowing justice to have her course with his nephew would only be another proof of the rectitude of his character. Mild towards his subjects, the Czar is, nevertheless, in his own family circle quite severe.

NEW ZEALAND EMIGRATION.

According to accounts from New Zealand there seems to be much room for improvement in the arrangements made for the transport of emigrant families to the colony under the recent Loan Act. Formerly the passage to the antipodes was regarded as a healthful and beneficial change, it being common for inferior vessels to bring out 300 or 400 emigrants in perfect health. But of late we learn by the colonial papers that the arrival of a vessel without quarantine to be performed is rare, and the reasons for this precaution are but too clear. The Mongol, a steamer only fifty days out from England, lost sixteen of her passengers, and had ninety-six cases of scarlet fever, measles, and other such disorders on board. A local inquiry showed that "the immigrants put on board this ship were in a sickly condition, and that the doctor shipped in London for her was discharged at Plymouth for misbehavior." The Scimitar, arriving shortly afterwards with a fine passage out, had lost twenty-six of her 450 passengers, a fact not difficult to explain when it is added that before starting two families were put on shore who had been suffering from fever of a virulent type, resulting from half-recovered cases of measels, and that there was fever in the general depot in which the emigrants had been gathered. A third vessel, the Inverne, following these with a slower passage, lost sixteen passengers out of 270. When it is added that, to one province at least, men and women have been shipping as French vine-growers and domestic servants who on arrival hired a theatre and exhibited themselves in the cancan, it is not surprising that some satisfaction is expressed with the results obtained under the new system, and that the Agent-General is appealed to in the colonial press "to nip the growing mischief in the bud, so that the whole character of the New Zealand immigration should not be deteriorated."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

A noble Lord is missing, and great is the consternation of English society thereat. The item, with a long array of details, is being telegraphed across the ocean, and daily bulletins arrive to prolong the agony by announcing that he has not yet been found. It is consoling to know that "the police are after him." His name is the Earl of YARBOROUGH, and the circumstances of his disappearance are thus related: He is strongly addicted to fire water, and one day last week, being in a worse conditon than usual, he proceeded to kick up a most unparliamentary row in the House of Lords. One of the attendant lacqueys "coaxed him" into a private room and left him there. Upon his return, half an hour later, the earl was gone—and with this startling climax all knowledge of him abruptly ceases. Was he spirited off through the keyhole or the chimney? Or could it have been a case of "spontaneous combustion?" We know not, but he went and left no sign. It seems, however, that the bibulous Earl has a comic gift for mystifying the British public, since he disappeared once before for the space of six weeks, which he spent, as a Saxon nobleman should, in an old fashioned "drunk." It is our private impression that much anxiety might have been spared by setting the police "after him" long ago. Meanwhile, to expedite the search, we contribute the following notice, slightly altered from one of MOORE'S squibbs:

Whereas, his friends no longer know
The whereabouts of Yarborough,
(His lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way—)
And, though inquired for round and round
Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
And whereas none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous peer is:
Notice is hereby given, that all
May forwith to enquiring fall—
As, once the thing is well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.
And whosoever brings or sends
The drunken statesman to his friends
In the Peers' Chamber, shall have thanks
And any notes—except the bank's!"

Irish World.

A PAUPER'S GRIEVANCE.

A GOOD instance of an uneducated mind grasping the logical conditions of a subject was afforded in Hyde Park, at a gathering in connection with the strike in the agricultural districts. A labourer, shrewd, sunburnt, and emphatic, thus delivered himself of his views on a point in social economics with a force to which no amount of culture could have added anything: "Here's another la, masters, 'wut wants lookin' arter. When us poor labourer's goes afore God's holy salter there's the pa'son as makes us swear us'll hold on to t'old woman 'till death do us paart,' an' he says, 'them as God's jined together let no man put essunder.' Well, yer comes to be old, or sick mebe, and yer goes to t' Union, and then they takes t' poor old woman as a' loved ye all yer life, and they sends her one ways and waarnts to send you another, and if natterally yer knocks somebody down, what then, masters? Why, they takes yer up, mebbe, afore that very maan as has made ye aware never to leave t'old woman, and he gi'es ye fourteen days jail."

A WOMAN, apparently a widow of about forty years of age, threw herself into the Avon from the Clifton Suspension Bridge. This is stated to be the ninth suicide committed from this bridge since it was opened for traffic in December, 1864.

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Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude.

From the Dublin Freeman.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Froude's first volume of "The English in Ireland" startled and amazed ordinary humanity, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky tackled him with masterful grasp in the pages of "Macmillan's Magazine." We need scarcely remind our readers that Mr. Lecky is an Irishman, a distinguished graduate of Dublin University, a Liberal in politics, and the author of two works which have won him large reputation—"The History of European Morals" and "The rise and progress of Rationalism." His "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," published when he was quite a young man, and recently re-published with an admirable introduction, gained for him honor in his own country. He is, however, recognized amongst all men as a writer honest, fearless and unprejudiced, gifted with a style at once brilliant and severe, a temper of large toleration, a sagacity penetrative and judicious. Although in many grave matters opposed to Mr. Lecky, we gladly recognize his superb ability and his manful readiness to defend his country from scandalous libel. He has printed in the current number of "Macmillan" a powerful examination and critical exegesis of Mr. Froude's last volumes. Prejudice has no place in our mind when we say that he has utterly routed and squelched the great Englishman in two of his most vital positions. It is impossible not to see that Mr. Lecky is master of the very details upon which Mr. Froude has built up his citadel of reproach and scorn and contemptous insolence towards the Irish nation. The dullest reader of Mr. Froude will discover that he has two purposes in view throughout his work to preach the doctrine of the righteousness of English despotism in Ireland, and to blame the Catholic religion for all the woes and crimes and villiany which stain the story of English domination. The gross violence of the first plan is ably exposed by Mr. Lecky; but he is at his best in castigating the historian for his wild animosity against Catholicism. Of course, our readers are aware that Mr. Froude was born a Protestant, became a minister of the English Church, became a Catholic, became a Freethinker, became a Protestant again, became a layman, and is now what he is.

The temper of mind discovered by this vertiginous chopping cannot be without its influence on the writer of the "History of England," and Mr. Froude's two horrors are a Catholic layman and a clergyman of any sort. He is an imitator, and like every imitator mimics the worst faults of his prototype. Mr. Carlyle has all his life preached the gospel according to the bludgeon and denounced churches; Mr. Froude lacks the innate and majestic strength of Carlyle, and so we have the shrill but wicked cry of the jackal rather than the thunderous roar of the lion. Mr. Lecky notes this weak flattery, and flings a sarcasm at Mr. Carlyle which can not fail to hit. Mr. Froud never has a fair word for an Irish orator. "The term 'orator' in Mr. Froude's vocabulary necessarily implies complete political fatuity, and he imitates very closely the language of Mr. Carlyle, who has made the evil of speech and the advantage of silence the basis of a philosophy which is now comprised in rather more than thirty considerable volumes." Mr. Froude himself has not been idle in the matter of speech, by tongue and pen, and his oratory is not so marvellously free from exaggeration, the violence, the misrepresentations which usually accompany the gift of eloquence. The truth is, Mr. Froude is of opinion that no man should talk save himself. Let Cromwell be king of men, and he will be Cromwell of literature. He believes personal despotism to be a thing lovely and wise. He tells us that "under constitutional governments spontaneous loyalty is the last virtue which obtains recognition"—that their business is not to encourage the good, but conciliate the bad." He cries out—"We have made an idle of spurious feedom, and are worshipping it with unflinching devotion—false though it be in its principles, the philosophy of progress pushes its way towards its goal with unflinching confidence. At length the wheel will have to come round, and, finding ourselves not in Paradise at all, but sitting in arid desolation amid the wrecks of our institutions, we shall painfully awake from our dream and begin again the long toil of reconstruction." All this is mere morbidity—a diseased distrust in the ultimate good of things. It is set down for the purpose of showing that England made a grave blunder whenever she allowed Ireland to breathe an opinion, that she betrayed her heaven-derived mission of crushing the Celt whenever she was just or merciful, that she ruined her chance by setting up in ever so poor a fashion the demon of "political liberty." He rails at the Parliament of Ireland, and finds in its corruption a proof of the incapacity of the people for self-government, Mr. Lecky invites us to examine this Parliament. The Catholics formed four-fifths of the people—there was not one Catholic in it; the Nonconformists were almost eqtally degraded; the House of Stuart had created 76 buroughs, the members of which were devoted to kingly prerogative; of its three hundred members, 216 were returned by buroughs or manors, and of these 216, 176 were nominated by individuals. The Parliament lasted for a raign—until the carriage of the Octenial Act. That of George II. lasted for thirty-three years. Could a Parliament so composed, so enduring, be said to represent a nation? Mr. Froude himself admits that "employment under the Crown had been either bought and sold in the open market, bartered away for political support, flung as bribes to political agitators, or bestowed on some member of a powerful family who could not decently be provided for in England." And yet on the misdeeds of a Parliament like this, corrupted in wholesale fashion by its English master, Mr. Froude audaciously dismisses the posibility of Irish Self-Government. His remedy for Ireland, indeed, he puts plainly enough—"the suspension of the power of Self-Government."

Dismiss Parliament, silence the Irishman of whatever religion, rank, eminence, and give the country to the Cromwell who may be discovered for the exigency. So much for the doctrine of despotism in Ireland. We may touch upon his second purpose—the slandering of everything Catholic. Mr. Froude very plainly says that "is only when ceasing to be Catholics that it was possible for the Irish to become loyal subjects to the British Crown." He says the renegade Duiguenan told the "bitter truth" when he said that "no Irish Catholic either is, was, or ever shall be a loyal subject of a British Protestant King or a British Government." Fitzgibbon and Camden are quoted on the same side. Mr. Lecky points out that when England was involved in civil war in 1715 and 1745, and in the continental war of 1763, the Catholics were not only passive but willing to join the English armies. The proposal of Lord Trimleston to Lord Halifax, the Lord Lieutenant, proves this beyond doubt. But indeed no well-read man believes Mr. Froude, or doubts that the attrocities of the Orangemen upon the Catholics were the main cause of all the civil commotion which darkened the close of the eighteenth century. Mr. Lecky thus states the category of inducements to the great rebellion:—"The scandalous condition of the Parliamentary representation and the resolution of Government to resist every attempt to amend it; the disabilities of four-fifths of the population; the Fitzwilliam episode, when, at a period of extreme national excitement, the cup of deliverance had been raised to the very lips of the Catholics, and then by the act of the English Government dashed suddenly to the ground; the gross injustice of the tithes, the contagion of the French Revolution; the outrages of the Orangemen, the rumors of their intended massacres; the atorocious cruelties of the troops and yeomen, which exasperated the peasantry to madness."

Peculiar Law.

The decision in the Galway Petition case, so remarkable in many respects possesses the strange feature that the presiding judge declared that nothing occurred previous to the day of polling that could invalidate the election, and the sitting member was unseated because a number of tradesmen indicated their sympathy with his opinions by a peaceable procession, at which there was no riot, no tumult, no violence, no disorder; and there was no evidence to show that Myles O Donnell had any connection whatever with the processionists, before, during, or after the election. The legal inference from this decision is, that if a man's principles and politics be popular—and if those who sympathise with his views manifest their sympathy in the most peaceful and orderly manner—the very fact of such sympathy existing and being manifested is a disqualification sufficient to unseat him if elected, and to disqualify him for seven years from the exercise of civil rights. If this be the law, the sooner it is altered the better, unless, indeed, the object of law be to render the profession of popular opinions penal and to stamp them out of this island! Unfortunately, there is no appeal against any judgment in an election petition case. The fiat of the Judge is irrevocable. It cannot be reversed, so far as the seat is affected, and must be submitted to. The concurrent testimony of all the witnesses examined shows that there was no obstruction to the free exercise of the franchise—no man could be produced who was unable to record his vote—no man who alleged that because of coercion he voted contrary to his own free will; yet the vote of Galway is set aside by the election petition law, and the candidate of the people's choice is disqualified for seven years by force of law which neither the Parliament which passed it nor the people who suffer from it understood till now. But we do not desire to discuss here the doctrines of inference and of deduction as laid down in this Judgment. For the present we look to its effects on the unseated candidate. The ambition of his life is blighted. The day dreams of the young and brilliant student are blasted; and if a generous public do not susstain Mr. O'Donnell and carry him through the difficulties imposed on him by the order to pay "costs," it is probable financial ruin may follow close on the blighting of the high hopes and ambitious yearnings of an arduous life of study. We have been slow to interpose in this matter. We know and have had many and striking proofs of the generous feelings of the Irish public whenever we felt it our duty to appeal in a case of true merit, and would be unwilling to press too onerously on the good will of a free-handed people. We rather to-day re-echo what we believe to be a general and pervading sentiment. There is, we understand, a movement on foot, which, if endorsed, or rather, let us say, led and guided by the Prelates of the locality where the whole case is known to the very inmost core, will have the desired effect. To aid in saving a young man from the fate which threatens to overwhelm Mr. O'Donnell will be a grateful task. The burden which would overwhelm the individual would press lightly on the many; and if, as we anticipate, the Prelates of the West, on careful investigation of the facts, come to the conclusion that no moral stain attaches to Mr. O'Donnell, whatever the "legal" responsibilities attached to him by the Judgment may seem to be, we feel confident that the appeal will be responded to with alacrity, and the black future now looming in the not great distance will be averted from a man of genius and patriotism who ever devoted his powers to his country and his kind.—*Dublin Freeman.*

Parliamentary.

The correspondent of the *Irish Times* writes:—"Contrary to general expectation, several of the Irish votes in Supply passed unchallenged and uncriticised. It was intended that there should have been a smart debate over the vote for defraying the expenses of Irish criminal prosecutions and other law charges, so that something might be said about the Phœnix Park trials, the indemnity of Resident Magistrates and Constabulary officers who violate the law, and other kindred subjects, but their fates were perverse. Immediately after the division on Mr. Torrens's motion with reference to Army Officers having the right to claim trial by court martial before being placed on half-pay, the House rapidly began to clear, and the chairman (Cecil Raikes) at once proceeded with supply. The first vote—a big one—several thousands of pounds was put and agreed to. No sooner had the decision of the Commissioners been pronounced, than Mr. Butt and Mr. O'Shaughnessy, after elbowing their way through the crowd of departing members, took their accustomed seats, but only in time to find that they had missed the opportunity of raising a good debate on a subject which the Government has more than once exhibited some anxiety to avoid discussing. Neither Mr. Butt nor his colleagues seemed very happy over their disappointment, but they will, no doubt, seek other means of eliciting the truth about the expenditure in question."

The O'Donnell scene you will have fully reported by special wire in your Parliamentary intelligence. It may be as well to state at the outset that Mr. O'Donnell did not obtrude himself into the Chamber or go there without previous consultation and permission from the highest authority. The entire affair was arranged. The speaker saw no objection to the the performance, provided that Mr. O'Donnell gave an assurance that he would retire when he was told his Parliamentary privilege no longer existed. The ex-member for Galway did so His talk about an appeal is the merest moonshine. Mr. Justice Lawson's judgment is final. Any attempt to upset or to impugn the judge's ruling would only be laughed at, and hooted out of the House.

Miss Braddon has arrived at Victoria Hotel, Killarney, for the purpose of completing the new novel, "A Strange World," now publishing in the *Penny Dispatch.—Irish Times.*

Business Directory.

☞ We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the Nationalist, each customer may rest assured o corteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.
Palace Amphitheatre, corner New Montgomery and Mission streets.
Belmont Park, William Janke.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
M F Walsh, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth.
Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third.
Stephen Thomas, 142 Fourth street.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Leddy, 123 Fourth, corner Minna street.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
John W McClure, 382 Bowery, New York city.
John G. Hodge & Co., 327, 329 and 331 Sansome st.

BANKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Weed & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.
Matthew O'Brien, 1136 Market st, opposite 6th.

CUTLERY.
M Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
B O Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 843 Market street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
D Sweeny & Co, Tenth and Howard streets.
J O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.

CONFECTIONERS.
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.

CARPETS, &c—
Mountain & Raye, 718 Market st, west of Kearny.

DRY GOODS.
Gleeson & Fell, People's Palace, 911 and 913 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth.
John C Talbot & Co, 28 Kearny street.

DRUG STORES.
Dr E J Pring, N W corner Howard and Fourth streets.

DENTISTS.
Dr S H Roberts, 142½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &c.
Green & Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
P Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.
P. Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard also. N E cor Twelfth and Folsom streets.
Toner & Co., No. 20 Occidental market, (Sutter street side).
John J Reardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet Mission and Howard.
P T Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.
Mariposa Store, Cnris. Kerrins, 1419 Folsom street.

HATTERS,
McGann, 25 Third street.

HORSE SHOERS,
Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet First and Second.
Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Front street, bet Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, near Third.
Golden Eagle Hotel, 402, 404 and 406 Broadway street.
Central Hotel, 814 and 816 Sansome street.
New Franklin House, 321 Pacific street.

LAW.
P Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.
M Cooney, Room No. 7 Court Block, and 633 Clay st.

LIVERY STABLES.
R Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet Second and New Montgomery.
San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.

MEDICAL.
Paul M Brenan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr Aborn, 213 Geary street.
Dr J D Callaghan, 852 Folsom Street.
Dr Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor Leidesdorff.
X Twiaba X, Dr L Terry, Elko, Nevada.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
N Sweeney, 43 Second street, (opposite Jessie).
M Short, 527 Commercial st, cor Leidesdorff.

MILLINERS,
Mrs. Dillon & Kenealy, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MISSIONS, PICTURES, &c.
D Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom
Kenny & Co., 1010 Market street.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Barton's Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacramento street.
Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folsom.
O'Donovan Rossa's Prison Life; care National Steamship Co, New York.
San Francisco Cordage Co, 611 and 613 Front street.
California Bleaching Soap, Hall & Wagner, Factory cor. Folsom and 16th streets.
Wm J Blythe, Band Master 3d Irish Regt, N G C.
Lafayette Brewery, 725 Second street.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.
H C Blake, 333 Montgomery street.

POWDER.
Giant Powder Co, 210 Front street.

PRINTING HOUSES.
John H Carmany & Co, 409 Washington street.
Cosmopolitan Printing Co, 505 Clay street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Buckland Sewing Machine, cor Greenwich and Cortland streets, New York.

STOVES AND TINWARE,
J. M. Bryan, 130 3d street.

TEAS, COFFEE AND SPICES.
Geo T Hanly & Co, 928 Market street.

UNDERTAKERS.
James McGinn, 717 Market street.
Flanagan & Gallagher, 634 Market street.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
San Francisco Ball and Racket Court, T Kelly, 646 Howard street, bet Fourth and Fifth.
P F Brady, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.
P J McMahon, Russ House Saloon, Montgomery street.
P J Tannian, 24 Third street.
Daly & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.
Yate's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.
Fredericksburg Eintracht Saloon, 546 California street.
Michael Ryan, 134 Fourth street, bet Minna and Howard.
J H Dougherty & Co, 515 California street.
A F Benard, N E cor Fifth and Howard streets.
Jas Irwin, Merchants' Exchange, California st.
Celtic Club House, T F Baines, 1022 Market street.
M J Ryan, 468 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.
Thos O Neil, S E cor Washington and Seventh streets, Oakland, Cal.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.
Jackson Michigan Wagon, cor California and Davis streets.
Cunningham & Parker, 654, 656 and 658 Howard street.

MATTHEW O'BRIEN,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
No. 1136 Market street.....Opposite Sixth
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☞ All work warranted. Jobbing promptly attended to. [mh21-tf

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MEDICAL.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
QUICK CURES MODERATE CHARGES
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
(FOUNDED IN 1853.)
No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

To the Afflicted.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of Chronic Diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all private diseases, viz.: Syphilis, in all its forms and stages; Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their medial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A Case of Gleet and Stricture.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured. the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L—— H——
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Sworn-to Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatorrhœa.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till 1865 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

To Females.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

To Correspondents.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

Dr. Doherty has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

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ap4tf San Francisco, Cal.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL. jly5-tf

M. COONEY,
Attorney-at-Law.
No. 7 Court Block, 636 Clay Street,
And 643 Merchant Street, bet. Kearny and Montgomery.
Residence, 312 Seventh st, SAN FRANCISCO.
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Remittances from the country may be sent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express office, or any reliable banking house; but the Society will not be responsible for their safe delivery. The signature of the depositor should accompany his first deposit. A proper pass book will be delivered to the Agent by whom the deposit is made.
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Corner Tenth and Howard streets....SAN FRANCISCO.
Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows, Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corrals, and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. fy9-tf

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WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS FRIENDS and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with Groceries, Teas, Hams, etc., and the Finest Brands of Wines and Liquors, at greatly reduced prices.
☞ Goods delivered free to all parts of the city. ☜
GIVE US A CALL BEFORE GOING ELSE WHERE.
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Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale and Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five cents per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
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ap11tf

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4, 1874.

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"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland it enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

☞ We have some delinquent subscribers, who, we are convinced, only wait to be reminded. We would urge on all our friends who are in arrears that it is impossible to publish a paper on credit, and that we must rely on their promptitude to meet our heavy expenses. We are anxious to make the IRISH NATIONALIST the best Irish paper in America, and if all our subscribers were prompt we should be able to do so. The amounts in each individual case may seem ridiculously small, but collectively they publish the paper.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States, is 20c. per annum, or 5c. per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

☞ Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

☞ THE IRISH NATIONALIST can be obtained at the book-store of A. Waldteufel, First Street, San Jose.

☞ NEXT week we will present our readers with the first instalment of an interesting paper from the able pen of P. J. Malone, entitled, "Reminiscences of a Short-hand Reporter."

WE print this week the Rev. Eugene Sheehy's complete lecture on "The Genius of Irish Liberty." It will be read with no common pleasure, breathing, as it does, a genuine spirit of patriotism throughout, and as a rhetorical effort it may be regarded as one of its eloquent deliverer's masterpieces. It is scarcely necessary, when presenting such an intellectual and nationally welcome feast to our readers, to apologize for the unavoidable encroachment on our space, and consequent exclusion of other matters.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

It was predicted by an Englishman shortly after the achievement of American Independence that the Republic would not last one hundred years. There are still two years in which that prediction can be verified, but at present we think there is little immediate prospect of a collapse of our glorious institutions. We are now to celebrate the ninety-eighth anniversary of American Independence. During that period this great continent has developed, and this great nation has increased in a manner which might well be considered miraculous, were not the solution simple and manifest. Under free and undiscriminative institutions this country has all along afforded an asylum to the oppressed of every nation, and so has grown in less than a century from a petty appanage of the English Crown to the premier Republic of the globe, foremost in the van of civilization and in the esteem of the nations, and the apostle of Republic principles to a regenerated world. All this is enough to render our celebration of such a nation's birth-day something more than an empty triumph; and it is pleasing to reflect that to-day it will be worthily observed. And our countrymen, doubly fellow-countrymen in that they are both Irish and American, can reflect with pleasure that it was in no small degree owing to their ancestors that we are celebrating a triumph now. At the same time the example is significant. England was not invincible then, and, however, she has declined she has not since increased in power.

CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATION.

The proceedings of the Home Rulers are still occupying a very large share of public attention in Ireland, and deservedly so, for at present the only agitation of Irish matters is confined to their ranks. But a natural feeling of impatience is growing up amongst the people, who day after day are told to wait and hope, without seeing anything tangible result from the movement from which so much is expected. This feeling has led to the establishment in Dublin, by a few patriotic gentlemen, of a species of revival of Thomas Davis' famous organization, under the title of "The '82 Club." We are inclined to argue favorably of the ultimate scope and purpose of this club, which is at present confined to the indispensable initiatory step of organization, from the circumstance that it has officially declared that in the unanimous opinion of the members the positions of Home Ruler and "Eighty-twoer" (if we may use the term) are incompatable. We are of opinion that the position of a Home Ruler is incompatable with the active exercise of any advanced principles of nationality whatsoever. The Home Rule League under a high-sounding title, embraces a mass of discrepancies and contradictions which no amount of patient study could unravel, and the ultimate object which it proposes to secure is a riddle which might well puzzle Oedipus, as it has already confessedly puzzled the leaders of the movement themselves. So far from becoming clearer under the light of open discussion, in parliament and elsewhere, it has been more and more involved by each debate, as one after another some one of its presumed principles have been abandoned by its supporters, till the remark of the ex Premier becomes very pertinent. "If it is to remedy such grievances as these a parliament is demanded for College Green they might well be entrusted to a British Parliament." What Home Rule originally pledged itself to, if, indeed, it pledged itself to anything, was to obtain a local parliament of Irish members to manage local Irish affairs. It is on what *are* purely local affairs that the question turns, and it is in the concession of every point raised in this connection that the complaisance of the Home Rule members in parliament has been most apparent. Without venturing to involve ourselves in the inextricable mazes of this question, which, even to those most interested, seems a mere matter of conjecture, we may consider the only undoubted part of their programme, and which is set out at length in the manifesto of the League, i. e. the establishment of a parliament for the legislation of Irish affairs. There is not the smallest hint at any prospect, however remote, of securing independence to Ireland; on the contrary there is an expressed loyalty to the Queen, and her hopeful posterity, and a piously breathed hope for the continued unity and stability of the Empire, which of course means the continued enslavement of Ireland. The whole language, in fact, has more of the flunkey obsequiousness of some flunkin lord in waiting than of the bold enunciation of a reasonable, national demand. Certainly the benefits of Home Rule are not so very apparent, even if they were at once attainable. But the movement has its friends. We have received a communication from an occasional correspondent in Dublin who seems far from pleased at the opinion we entertain and express anent the benefits derivable from a local legislature. He even more than hints that the Irish in America have no right to interfere with the progress of events at home. Undoubtedly the Irish in America take as lively an interest in what concerns the land of their birth as if the weary leagues of sea and land were annihilated that separate us from it. Their interest is undeniable, and their interference (though the word is ungracious) will always take the anti-English side, and if, as in the present case, there be more than two parties, will always side with the most national. We would also say that, having lived some time in a free country, we have ceased to regard it as a crime to express whatever opinion we may hold, and to give advice when we think it may be beneficial, leaving the recipients equally free to accept or reject it at their pleasure.

But there are those that will urge that "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and we shrewdly suspect that the majority of the advocates of Home Rule will refer their adhesion to that worn-out saw. Half a loaf is *not* better than no bread, when the prospect of an unimportant concession satisfies those who are in need of a radical change, and in pursuit of an undoubted right; especially where, as in the present case, either result (the whole loaf or the half one) are equally attainable, or if the process of the League be persevered in, unattainable. The English will not surrender us our liberty, they will not free our country and withdraw their damning influence from it—voluntarily; but neither will they voluntarily concede to us the right of even local self-government; and the means pursued by the Home Rulers give them volition on the subject; leave the redressing of Ireland's wrongs to the common sense and justice (save the mark) of an irresponsible body of hereditary tyrants. We do not, as our correspondent says, urge an unarmed people to impale themselves on the 30,000 British bayonets which are kept in Ireland for their special benefit; but we do urge them to organize, to prepare, to fit themselves to seize any opportunity that may offer, and not to waste their energies and feed on false hopes, which are all that can be gained in the endless task of attempting to remedy Ireland's wrongs by constitutional means. The man that gets possession of a musket or a sword or a bullet-mould does more for the attainment of his country's independence than if he brought a thousand votes to the poll, and plumped them every one for the most advanced candidate on the Home Rule platform. Already the people are sick of unperformed pledges. They do not blame their members, for they can now see that they undertook impossibilities, but they are determined to waste no more time in constitutional agitation.

What then are they to do, in the face of the thirty thousand British bayonets? Simply to obtain possession of thirty thousand bayonets of their own, ay, or a hundred thousand if necessary, for there are willing hands enough to grasp them, and remove from the world that standing wonder and reproach—how a handful of foreign mercenaries should continue to keep an entire nation thus long in servitude. To do this we require arms—arms, and one thing more—organization. In that one word lies the cause and the solution of the mystery. From dissension in the Irish ranks arose these centuries of English supremacy; from unity and organization will result their downfall. Had a spirit of unanimity pervaded the nation when all was in train for an effort in '65, Ireland would be free to-day. If unanimity prevails when circumstances are ripe for a fresh attempt we may mark the era of independence. When organzation is perfect all will be easy, therefore Irishmen, here in America, in Ireland, wherever you cherish the hope of unfurling an honored flag, organize! Cease all hope from constitutional agitation. Let the Home Rule League die a natural death, and yourselves use those means for acquiring freedom that "God and nature have put into your hands."

LOCAL OPTION AGAIN.

ALTHOUGH the most recent contests held under the Local Option Law, notably that at San Jose, have resulted in the triumph of right and reason, and in the discomfiture of the fanatical temperance party, yet it is by no means safe for the License men to rest on their oars, and leave the result solely to the justice of their cause. Justice is often apt, in these latter days, to give way to expediency, or even, as in other Local Option elections, to a very perverted view of expediency. The Liquor dealers were naturally incredulous that a majority of voters could be found to disturb what they justly regarded as their vested rights, and in the supineness arising from their incredulity Oakland and other places were carried by the fanatics. The address adopted by the State Central Committee to the German-Americans in California contains abundant intimation that the danger is not yet over. It concludes with the following significant words:--"Do not believe that we have plenty of time, do not indulge in a comfortable sense of security in places where no attempt has yet been made. We tell you the danger stands threatening at the door, and is hovering, perhaps now, over every head. Whoever is still hesitiating exposes himself, and will feel our enemies". In fact the interests involved by this most important question of the day are too great to be left to chance. It is not even safe to leave them self-supported. Every-one should unite to avert the threatened danger from our hitherto flourishing state. Any success that may be achieved, should operate to encourage and not to lull into false security those whose interests are specially involved.

Arguments are scarcely needed to demonstrate the insane and destructive attitude assumed by the temperance party, but no means should be neglected that might influence even a single vote on such a question. We have already urged the death-blow that such a measure would inflict on the welfare of the city, but to the state at large the suppression of the liquor traffic would be scarcely less disasterous. Even at present California is a considerable wine producing country—every year it is becoming better known and appreciated in this respect, and in no distant future, if not meanwhile interfered with by repressive and unjust legislation, promises to become one of the great vineyards of the world. This very year, owing to the partial destruction of the French vines by frost, there is an unusually good opportunity for the advancement of California as a wine-producer. According to the most reliable returns, there are at present in this State 30,000,000 vines, yielding a product of 2,800,000 gallons of wine and 260,000 gallons of brandy annually, and that 400,000 gallons of alcohol and 250,000 gallons of vinegar are manufactured in the same period. These figures will show the immense amount of money invested in this interest, and it is such an industry as this that the Local Optionist would fain to make practically illegal. Truly their insanity would be laughable if it were not dangerous. Arguments showing the fallacy of every point they make might be readily adduced and supported, if necessary, by figures, but enough has been said, especially as the fanatical course is not now so triumphant as it was when it took men by surprise, and had all the advantage of novelty. It turns out, too, that relying on the Father Mathew's T. A. B. Society they reckoned without their host, as that order positively declines to interfere with the rights of citizens, whatever their opinion may be on the vice of drunkenness (which by the way, Local Option has no necessary tendency to suppress.) We expected as much from the Father Mathews, though none the less credit is due them for their bold stand against fanaticism. But since they are Irishmen, and therefore love liberty, they are naturally disinclined to interfere with the individual freedom of a number of respected citizens. With the Dashaways the friends of Local Option have been equally unfortunate. Nevertheless, should they attempt this city, it behoves the liquor dealers to be thoroughly organized, so as to offer a determined resistance, and not be betrayed a second time into a false security.

THOMAS GROGAN AND A. ANSELL,
PROPRIETORS.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, June 9th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR:—The most important events of the week have been the election of the Bonapartist; de Bourgoing, for the department of the Nievre, and two remarkable speeches deliverd by Thiers and Gambetta. The Bonapartists are greatly elated by their success, and not without some show of reason. More than 75,000 electors voted out of 95,000 registered. M. de Bourgoing had 37,000 votes; M. de Girdin (Republican) 32,157; Count Pazzis (Legitimist) 4,527. What this election proves clearly is that the Empire is the only formidable—if even it be formidable—opponent of the Republic. You see that the Legitimist was "no where," and Orleanists have even a worse chance with the electors, and yet it is Orleanists and Legitimists with a slight sprinkling of Bonapartists, who have been governing the country for the last year. During that time there have been 18 elections, of which 15 were Republican, 2 Bonapartist, and the other, I forget what. So you see there is simply no doubt at all about the feeling of the country. But the men of "moral order" doubt it, or pretend to do so; but what they believe in their heart of hearts is that all voting is absurd, and all modes of constitutional action, and all public liberties. Of course, all this applies more especially to the Legitimist branch of the party of "moral order," but the Orleanists have been acting during the last year as if they believed the very same thing. I believe, however, that they would allow the people some liberty; but they'd dose it out to them as if it were poison. They made the Revolution of '48 inevitable by refusing to enlarge the electoral body by a few thousands, and the Revolution gave them universal suffrage, and now a reactionist Assembly elected by universal suffrage is seeking to modify the suffrage to suit its own very equivocal (or perhaps rather unequivocal) purposes. This was tried before by another Assembly equally reactionary and equally elected by universal suffrage, and had for its main result the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon. Whether the plan will succeed better this time I know not. You are not to suppose from all this that I advocate Universal Suffrage any more than Republics, for all times and all places. I do not, in point of fact, think any countries, except perhaps Germany and the United States, fit for it. A man has no more an abstract right to be a voter than he has to be a Tax-Collector or a Town Councillor. Voting is merely a means to an end, and that end is good government, and I hold it impossible that utterly ignorant voters can properly subserve that end. There should be at least the educational trait of reading and writing, and if 'twas in this direction the Assembly meant to travel I'd have no objection to go with them; but it is not. They are sure to have a more than Dogberrian objection to any such accomplishments. But I shall say no more about universal suffrage at present. 'Twould take a volume to treat the matter properly, and I have neither time, inclination, nor indeed information for the task.

The speech of M. Thiers was in reply to an address presented to him by a Republican deputation from the Department of the Gironde. It was delivered on the 24th of May, the anniversary of his fall from power, and was for the most important expression of opinion on his part since that event. He asks whether it was possible to restore the Monarchy at the first meeting of the Assembly at Bordeaux, and he answers most decidedly, no. He goes on to say that they could not even think of such a thing, a month later, when they found themselves in the presence of an anarchic Paris all up in arms, and in announced and deadly opposition not only to monarchy, but to any conceivable sort of government. A month after the fall of the Commune the government was obliged to borrow 500 millions of francs from the Bank of France in order to get the Prussians to move off even a few leagues from Paris. Was that the time to talk of a King? He goes on to say that 'twas only in the name of the Republic and in the unhoped for calm that its loyal acceptance for nearly ten years produced, that they found the means of restoring credit and ridding the country of the Prussians. The chief merit of himself and his colleagues was to have seen all along that 'twas only by means of the Republic that these and other things could be done. He then turns somewhat flauntingly upon those "moral order" disturbers of order who have succeeded without at all replacing him. "The men who succeeded me, and who succeded me for the purpose of restoring the monarchy, which I refused to do (*pour faire la Monarchie, que je ne faisais pas!*) have they done it? They have had an entire year to prepare it and to accomplish it; they have had the material force, the authority of the Assembly, and power not too scrupulously exercised (*le pouvris exercé sans ménagements*) have they re-established the Monarchy? No one, assuredly, will dare to say they didn't wish to do it, and if wishing it they havn't done it, the plain reason is they couldn't." But is there any reason for thinking that they can now do, under far more adverse circumstances, what they failed in before? M. Thiers closed his speech by saying that if the Assembly cannot restore the Monarchy and will not establish the Republic, it has only to withdraw and leave it to a newly elected Assembly to carry out the wishes of the country. This speech of M. Thiers, like nearly every thing he says or does, has made the small fry of the Legitimist and Bonapartist Press quite furious.

I have left myself little space to speak of M. Gambetta's speech, which, however, does not call for very lengthy remarks. It was delivered at the tomb of Count D'Alton Shee. It is needless to say that the Count was of Irish descent, but he was also, very unlike the great bulk of men of Irish descent in France, of extreme democratic opinions. He was also a man of some distinction in literature, having written "Memories of this our Time" and also a book called "The Memories of Count D'Alvis" which I understand to be his own life too, under a feigned name, and dealing chiefly with literature, as his first work had dealt chiefly with politics. M. Gambetta availed himself of the opportunity to teach the Republican party a lesson of toleration, which in my opinion, they stood sadly in need of, both in France and elsewhere. He reminded his hearers that Count D'Alton Shee, though he had deserved well of the Republican party, was but coldly received by it; that they must change all that; that they needed men of refinement and culture among them; that they should be received with open arms when they joined the Democratic ranks. Gambetta may be a somewhat rash character at bottom, and he is said (I do not know enough of the matter to know how truly) to have shown great recklessness and great one-sidedness during the war, and he certainly did, in my opinion, act with some want of judgment while Thiers was at the head of affairs, but since the fall of that minister he has, to my mind, proved himself capable of great moderation and great self-control. 'Twould be rash to prophesy too confidently about his future, but it is quite safe to say he is far from "played out" yet.

AN IRISH EXILE.

THE MAYO ELECTION.

THE result of the Mayo Election is a triumph only second, if indeed it be second, to the great victory in Limerick. It clearly demonstrates that clerical influence in political matters is a thing of the past, and the clergy would do well to accept the situation and retire gracefully from a position which they can no longer fill. The mere fact of O'Connor Power's being an advanced Nationalist, and one who had suffered for his country, was sufficient to elect him despite the most determined opposition the priests could offer. For the clergy to pursue the struggle further, and to allow the rancor of a contested election to find vent in Altar denunciations as has been done in Mayo, is both unwise and uncharitable. The triumph of National opinions must be gratifying to every true Irishman and patriot no no matter what influence it ran counter to, and it is deeply to be deplored that the clergy did not take the natural side. Nevertheless, the triumph remains, and Mayo has distinguished herself in no mean degree. There is now one more voice, and that of an approved Nationalist, to be raised in defence of Irish interests at St. Stephen's.

The entire struggle, like that of Limerick, involved an important issue, and has determined an important question. It has shown that, however respected the clergy may be in their proper sphere, i. e. in the ministrations of religion, their influence in politics, save as individuals merely, has departed. One of the reproaches the English people were wont to fling at our country is done away, and one of their most reliable arguments against Irish self-government is controverted. "Macte virtute, Erin!"

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

We are glad that the efforts of the conscientious press of this city to arrest the torrent of fanaticism that threatens our prosperity by endeavoring to annihilate the liquor traffic have been appreciated by the League of Freedom. At a meeting of the League on Monday it was resolved that the members would support only those papers which had ventured to come boldly forward in defense of threatened rights, those publishing, being the IRISH NATIONALIST, *Alta*, *Examiner*, the German papers, the French papers, and the *Golden Era*.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

After an extremely successful engagement M'lle Aimee and troup have relinquished the boards of the California to Mr. Sothern, who is nightly delighting a thronged house with the inimitable quizzicalities of Lord Dundreary.—Our American Cousin" gives place, on Monday night, to Tom Robertson's exquisite comedy "Home" with Mr. Sothern in the leading character. Meanwhile, however, there is the matinee on this (Saturday) afternoon, as well as the evening performance for Lord Dundreary's admirers. With the engagement of Mr. Sothern the regular dramatic season may be said to have fairly opened, and there is every prospect of the catering of the management pleasing the popular taste as well as heretofore. We hear a whisper of coming stars in the California firmament that might well eclipse even the much talked of comet.

MESSRS. WARDE, GILLERAN & Co. have braved the brunt of Local Option displeasure by opening a fine wholesale liquor store at 303 Battery Street. Mr. Warde is long and favorably known as chief officer in this State of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. His partner, Mr. Gilleran is also well known. We wish them every success in the business they have embarked in.

M. P. WALSH, the well known boot and shoe dealer, has enlarged his premises at 305½ Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth, has secured the assistance of an increased staff of salesmen, and is prepared to offer the public special opportunities and inducements in his line of business.

THE City Treasurer's accounts for the month ending June 30th show of receipts $798,593 97, including a balance on hand at the begining of the month of $687,230 08. The expenditures of the month leave in the Treasury $507,233 08.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES

—BY—

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

CHAPTER I.
[Commenced in No 24.]

PRELIMINARY—BEING A CURSORY GLANCE AT MY EARLY TRAINING.

[Specially written for the IRISH NATIONALIST.]

THE Theatre Royal, Crow street, was truly magnificent in the days when that local celebrity, "Buck Jones," was its patentee and manager-in-chief. How often have I listened, with attentinn all awake, to my mother, and I think, my father too, relating the tragi-comical story of the final wrecking of this gorgeous temple of the dramatic muses by a frantic and riotous audience. The fierce spirits of pit and galleries became mortally incensed, one night, at the superb Jones's obstinate refusal to vail his personal dignity one jot, by condescending to come forward before the foot-lights to explain why he had suddenly broken off his engagement with the proprietor of the *genuine* canine performer, most accomplished of dogs! that had, for such a long series of nights, delighted to very rapture the Dublin play-goers, in the piece called—"The Dog of Montargis." And, then, to think that he should have tried to palm off on an enlightened public the mere human *simulachrum* of a dog, as a substitute for the real article—what an outrage! If, indeed, he had deigned, that fatal night, to soothe the righteous wrath of the Dublinians, by explaining how the proprietor of the great artistic dog, taking a dirty advantage of the talented animal's immense popularity, had "struck" for a most extortionate salary, the indignant audience might have generously consented to listen to reason. But seeing that Jones, like other high and mighty potentates, was stiff-necked and resolute not to do the one thing the people asked him to do, they felt, to a man, that there was nothing for it, but to pull the splendid scenes and decorations of his theatre about his ears.

In vain, then, did the stage-manager again and again try to be eloquent. He might as well and wisely have preached peace to the waves in a typhoon, as have tried to calm that noisy and exasperated crowd. As vainly were several favorite performers sent to the front to explain "the situation." The cry, from a thousand throats of human beings in a state of temporary insanity, was still and ever—"Jones! Jones!" The reader will here possibly be reminded of the memorable theatrical row recorded in the "Ingoldsby Legends," where the irrepressible cry of the raging cockneys was, if I recollect right, for "Falderaltit." But to return to our Hibernian row; full soon the remnant, I might almost call it infinite-simal, of popular patience evaporates. As a prelude to the performance, the ladies are considerately and politely requested to withdraw from the boxes. Irishmen, even when assuming the role of "rowdies," can obey the dictates of gallantry. And now, in a "jiffey," the fine drop-scene is torn down, benches are torn up, the beautiful panels of the boxes, adorned with pictures representing scenes rom classic mythology, are utterly demolished O! Reader, if thou hast aught of the magic power of imagination, fancy the feelings of that fallen theatrical Bashaw, "Buck Jones," as he stood, that fatal night, in the midst of his shattered household Gods! What was fine fun to the lively audience, was no joke to the poor, discomfited "Buck;" in short it was absolute, overwhelming r nin to him.

The magnificent chandelier, that hung from the ceiling, worth about £500, and which, if I remember rightly, was said to have belonged to our old Parliament House in College Green, was almost the only thing of value that was saved on that night of reckless fury. It was drawn up out of reach of the destroyers at the commencement of the riot. I believe that this chandelier was subsequently transferred to the Round Church, in St. Andrews street, Dublin, and that it eventually perished in the conflagration, which, some fifteen years ago, destroyed that place of worship. Pity it was not again saved. Pity that it does not still remain to adorn the future legislative hall of regenerate Ireland.

Such was the dire catastrophe that terminated the theatrical sway and grandeur of "Buck Jones," and the glories of Crow street. So, ever and always, have been, are, and will be sudden and startling vicissitudes in human affairs. I used to listen to this "tale of ruin" with feelings of interest and regret, hardly less intense than those which a narrative, depicting the sinking splendours of an empire would have excited in me. I am almost repeating myself when I add, ere concluding this stage-gossip, that all my parents' reminiscences of theatrical affairs and performances interested me to a most surprising degree. What thrilled me however, to the highest point of boyish excitement, was to hear my mother describe the celebrated John Philip Kemble's grandeur of mien in "Coriolanus," and the terrible might of his impersations in "King Lear!"

But one thing, in particular, I however, looked on as the most valuable part of my early education or training. It was this: My mother let slip no opportunity of endeavoring to root in my very soul the belief, that, if I pledged my honor to anything and then broke my honor, I should no longer be a gentleman, but utterly degraded. This notion, for many years at least, was with me not alone a conviction, but even a superstition. She taught me to abhor a lie as I would the very devil; and this teaching has left certain indelible good traces behind it. She also told me never to be a tell-tale, and admonished me not to be found repeating stories of what I saw or heard at strange houses. These especially, amongst many other good ideas and principles, she sedulously endeavored to imprint on my childish mind.

It is hardly necessary to add that my mother taught me to love Ireland. Probably my original bent of nature tended towards love of country. Shall I here veuture to relate a trifling anecdote illustrative of my childish feeling of patriotism?

One day, while we lived at Kingstown, as my mother and I were taking our accustomed walk together, a party of ladies and gentlemen took notice of me. I was a not altogether unattractive little boy. At all events, though I am now rather dark, I had at that period singularly long fair or golden hair, in waving ringlets, so that other little boys, I remember, used to shout after me, in the streets—"curly-head, curly-head." Besides my mother kept me in great neatness; in short, the ladies and gentlemen in question, were struck with my appearance. It would seem from what followed, that some of them at least were of that liberal-minded sort of persons, who can scarcely believe that anything Irish can even be decent. This enlightened variety of human species is still "alive and kicking," and in great force; on this side of the Atlantic, too, as well as in the old countries. It appears that a bet was made by some of the party to the effect that I was too "nicely kept" to be Irish, in short that I must be English. Accordingly a footman was sent to make an apology to my mother and ask h er—"was I not an English boy?" No sooner had the man of plush delivered his message, than I grew quite furious. In my passion I cried out repeatedly—"No I'm not, No I'm not; I'm an Irish boy, I'm an Irish boy, I'm an Irish boy!" The party finally came forward and complimented me, asked me many questions, and some of them forced my mother and myself to go into their house and partake of cake and wine, at the same time expressing wishes to see me often.

(To be continued.)

IRISH NEWS.

LUNATICS IN WORKHOUSES—The Birr board of guardians, at their weekly meeting, adopted a resolution to present a petition to the Chief Secretary, praying him to use his influence towards the preventing the transmission of harmless lunatics from asylums to the workhouse. Several lunatics were sent as harmless from Maryborough to Birr, and a few days ago one of them became violent and seriously injured a little girl.

THE Limerick annual regatta, to be held this year under the management of the Shannon Rowing Club, has been definitely postponed till the 13th and 14th of July.

MR. BUTT'S Home Rule motion came upon the 30th ult., but was postponed; the Attorney General for Ireland and other members speaking strongly against it.

THE Local Government Board (Ireland) Provincial Order Confirmation Bill came before Mr. Frere one of the examiners of private bills; who declared that the standing orders had not been complied with. The result of this decision is, that the B l will have to go before the Standing Orders Committee, who will decide whether the standing orders should be dispensed with.

THE ABSENTEE TAX.—The petition adopted by the Tullamore board of gu rdians praying Parliament to oblige landords and annu tants wh reside or the greater portion of the year in foreign countries to pay a tax of five per cent on their incomes in addition to the ordinary rated cases has been adopted by nearly every board of guardians in Ireland. Several members of Parliament have promised to support the measure.

HIS Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy has issued a circular intimating that the consecration of the Cathedral of Thurles, diocese of Cashel, fixed for the 2nd of July, has been postponed till next year.

HIS Emminence Cardinal Cullen has received a mandate from Rome directing the holding of a National Council of the Catholic Church in Ireland. It is supposed that the convention of the Council will not be delayed beyond the beginning of August, and that its place of meeting will be Dublin.

AT a recent cattle sale at Limerick, a yearling bull, the property of the Hon. Hugh Massy, sold for the high price 71 guineas. The other sales averaged 36 guineas per head, a circumstance which practically attests the value of su erior breeding.

A sad case of drowning occured on the arrival at Limerick of the Rose steamer from Kilrush. A young man named Furnell, from county Clare, and bound for America, was stepping from vessel to quay, when he fell into the river as he was about to embrace his father who was waiting to receive him. The body was pulled up in a few minutes, but life was extinct.

SOUTHERN Railway extension to Cashel. Joseph Fishbourne, Esq. of Ashfield Hall, Queen's County, arbitrator in this matter, held a meeting in the Court house, Cashel. With scarcely an exception, all the principal landed proprietors of the district have settled amicably with the company, and the tenants have also come to a satisfactory arrangement. Mr. Kernaghan and Mr. Savers appeared for the company, and Mr. Grace on the part of the landowners.

AT the usual weekly meeting of the Home Rulers, at Grafton-hall, a resolution that the members of that hall should not belong to the Home Rule Confederation until the result of Mr. Butt's measure on the 23rd had been set forth, was moved by Mr. Dickie.

THE WEATHER.—In the last few days we have been enjoring genuine summer weather, and as a necessary consequence excursionists abound, and transatlantic steamers bring over numbers of our American cousins, who are about "to do Yurrup." Blarney and Killarney come in for the largest share of admiration, and for the past week the long car which leaves Mr. noun for the Lakes, via Glengariffe, has had a full load of passengers. The River steamers are also largely patronized by the citizens, and a trip down the river in the cool of the evening is now a perfect luxury. The thermometer in Cork yesterday showed 79 deg. Fahr as the maximum heat during the day.—*Cork Examiner* June 10th.

ON Tuesday, June 2d, at the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Belfast, a committee was appointed to administer the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Getty, who left nearly £3,000 a year for various purposes conected with the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

THE first installment of the census for Ulster has been issued. It contains t e census of the County Antrim, including Belfast. The population of the entire county has increased from 354,178 in '41 to 404,016 in '71. The population of the portion of Belfast in the County Antrim stood at 63,750 in '41, 78,126 in '51, 111,921 in 61, 158,257 in '71. Carrickfergus has a population of over 9,000, and seven other towns of over 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants in t e county. Of these, Antrim, Ballymoney, Larne, Legoniil, have from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants. Carickfergus has 4,000: Ballymena, 5,000; and Lisburn 6,000. Th re were 291 vessels in the rivers, harb rs, &c., of the county on the census night. There are 758 foreigners in the county. In the borough of Belfast there are 65,575 Roman Catholics, 46,423 Protestant Episcopalians, 60,219 Presbyterians, 6,775 Methodi ts, and 5,390 of all other denominations. In the whole County including Belfast, there are 107,840 Catholics, 81,311 Protestant Episcopalians, 176,343 Presbyte.ians, 9,472 Methodists, and 13,651 of all other denominations. The other denominations include 3,571 Unitarians, 1,467 Baptists, 531 Quakers, 21 Jews, 26 Mormons, and a Deist, and Atheist, and a Confucian. In the county 26 per cent. of the Catholic population over 5 years of age, 17 per cent of the Protestant, 9 per cent. of the Presbyterian, and 6 per cent. of Methodist population is i lit-rate. In the last seventy years the county lost 122,156 by emmigration which was higher in 1870 than for any year since 1850.

An open competition will be held in Dublin, in June and July, for one situation of county surveyor in Ireland. The examination will extend over the four and five days commencing with June 30th.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GETZ BRO'S & CO.
Commission Merchants.
IMPORTERS AND
Wholesale Dealers in Provisions
513 Front-street, Near Washington,
San Francisco.
Sole Agent for the Alvarado Salt Works.
jy 4th tf

BICLEY BROTHERS,
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, etc.,
Northeast Corner Clay and Davis Sts.,
San Francisco. jy 4th tf

JOHN KENNY,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
WINES AND LIQUORS,
No 515 Front-street, bet. Washington and Jackson, San Francisco.
California Wines Bottled by WHITE MEN Only.

JOHN C. MORRISON Jr.
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Fine Wines And Liquors.
316 SACRAMENTO ST. AND 321 COMMERCIAL ST.
BET. FRONT AND BATTERY
San Francisco. jy. 4tf

MICHAEL RYAN,
DEALER IN
Wines, Liquors, Etc.,
IRISH AMERICAN HALL,
816 Howard-street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe21tf

FISCHTEN & STEINKAMP.
Ales, Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
SOUTH EAST CORNER OF BATTERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS, San Francisco.

BROADWAY HOTEL,
No. 213 Broadway st. bet Battery and Sansome Street, San Francisco.
—:o:—
Board and Lodging per week, $5.00
Board and Lodging per Day, $1.00
This House is newly Furnished with good Beds and Bedding, which improvement every boarder will appreciate.
Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge. House close to the Oregon, San Diego and Humboldt Steamers.
JOHN DONOHUE, Proprietor,
Late of Melbourne, Australia.

1776, —:— 1874.
PROCLAMATION
JULY 4 1874.
Headquarters Grand Marshal, Southwest Corner Clay and Montgomery Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 12th 1874.
FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Having had conferred upon me the high honor of being chosen Grand Marshal of the Celebration of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence, by the "Committee of Two Hundred," I hereby extend a cordial invitation to all Military and Civic Bodies, and to all my fellow-citizens generally, to participate in the approaching Celebration, and to unite in rendering a fitting tribute to the glorious event that gave rank to our country among the Powers of the world, proclaiming the United Colonies of America as the abiding-place of Freedom, and the Home and Refuge of the oppressed of all nations.
Let there be a Celebration worthy of the Glorious Day, and let the children of all climes and countries unite in rendering honor to the Birthday of our Republic, and give an unfailing assurance that the courage, sacrifices, and heroism of the Patriots of '76 are lovingly appreciated by their descendants, and by all men who now enjoy the Blessings of a Free Government, and the benefits they receive through the devotion of our Revolutionary Fathers.
To command success, it is necessary that every citizen should take an active interest in the Celebration, and their co-operation and assistance is specially desired.
Special invitations will be extended to all organized bodies, and a prompt and ready acceptance is solicited.
Committees on Finance, composed of well known citizens will wait upon the citizens generally, from whom a generous response is expected.
The appointment of Chiefs of Staff, Marshals of Divisions, and Aids, will be announced as speedily as possible.
The Grand Marshal assures his fellow-citizens that nothing shall be left undone to make the forthcoming Celebration worthy of the Day, and once more asks for your co-operation and assistance.
je20 tf DANIEL NORCROSS, Grand Marshal.

EUREKA MILLS,
210 SACRAMENTO STREET,
BETWEEN FRONT AND DAVIS.
SAN FRANCISCO.
JOHN BICLEY,
PROPRIETOR,
(Successor to GREEN & BIGLEY.)
Manufacturer of Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Pearl Barley, Cracked Wheat, Hominy, Split Peas, etc., as well as Ground Feed of all kinds. Does custom work. Feed of all kinds Ground to order.
A. H. TODD, SALESMAN. fy 27t f

JOHN A. LENNON,
Wholesale Dealer in
GROCERIES, PRVISIONS,
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
313 CLAY ST., BET. FRONT & BATTERY,
San Francisco. je 20 tf

JOHN BURKE PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Dunbar Alley, Rear of City Hall,
San Francisco. je 13 tf

K. KENNY & CO.,
Importers of, and Dealers in
Mirrors, Chromos, Engravings,
Lithographs, Photographs, &c.
A Large Stock of
PICTURE FRAMES
ALWAYS ON HAND.
1010 MARKET STREET.
Directly Opposite Fifth.
We will guarantee to furnish any Goods in our line at less price than any other house on the coast.
We have the best assorted stock of Catholic or Irish pictures of any house on the coast.
We will fill Country Orders with promptness, and guarantee that all Goods are delivered in good condition, or money returned.
We will do re-gilding and re-framing at Eastern prices.
Don't forget the number of our Store:
1010 MARKET STREET.
my2tf

TAXES.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS OF AN Act levying a Tax for State purposes, approved March 28, 1874, the Auditor of the City and County of San Francisco has delivered to the undersigned, duplicate Assessment Books for the Fiscal Years 1872-73 and 1873-74.

Notice is hereby given that the Taxes entered on said Books are NOW DUE and payable, and will become DELINQUENT on the FIRST MONDAY OF JULY, 1874, and that unless paid prior thereto, TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT, WILL BE ADDED to the amount thereof.

A. AUSTIN, Tax Collector,
City and County of San Francisco,
May 11, 1874. my 23

CENTRAL HOTEL,
814 & 816 SANSOME ST.,
Near Broadway.....SAN FRANCISCO.
SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES—All the rooms furnished with the best spring beds, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests.
Board and Lodging.....$5 to $6 per Week.
Board and Lodging.....$1 00 per Day.
The CENTRAL HOTEL COACH will be at every Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing, to convey passengers and baggage to the House free of charge.
je6tf MICHAEL FARRELL, Proprietor.

NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE,
321 Pacific St.,
Corner of Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.
THIS HOUSE IS A FIRE-PROOF BUILDING, NEWly built, and well ventilated. The rooms are furnished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families or single persons.
Board and Lodging per Week from $5 to $7. Single Meals Twenty-Five Cents.
Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge.
H. DOHERTY, } Proprietors.
je6tf P. HANLEY, }

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,
402, 404 & 406 Broadway,
Corner Montgomery.....SAN FRANCISCO.
THIS HOUSE IS NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED throughout for the accommodation of the traveling public in general. The rooms are furnished with spring beds, and well arranged for families and single persons. The table is always supplied with the best the market affords. Second to none in the city.
Board and Lodging, per Week, $5 00 to $6 00; per Day, $1 00. Free Coach to the House.
DANIEL HARTNETT, late of Broadway Hotel,
JAMES BARRY, late of St. Nicholas Hotel,
je6tf PROPRIETORS.

T. F. BAINES'
"Celtic Club House,"
1022 MARKET STREET.
Between Fifth and Sixth, SAN FRANCISCO.
Always on hand an excellent Stock of Superior
Brandies, Wines, Liquors,
AND HAVANA CIGARS.
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"Fredericksburg"
ENTRACHT SALOON,
545 California Street.
SCHRAMM & SCHNABEL, Proprietors.
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Make Money.
Fast and honorably, $12 50 per day, or $75 per week, by at once applying for a territorial right, (which are given free to agents.) to sell the best, strongest, most useful and rapid selling Sewing Machine, and Patent Button Hole Worker, ever used or recommended by families, or buy one for your own use; it is only $5. Sent free everywhere by express. Address all orders, etc., to BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE, cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt streets New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
MR. BARTON HILL.....Acting Manager
GREAT SUCCESS! CROWDED HOUSES!
MR. SOTHERN
Will appear Every Evening This Week, in his world-renowned creation of
LORD DUNDREARY,
—IN—
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.
Reconstructed by Mr. Sothern, and played in four acts instead of three.
Saturday Afternoon at 2 o'clock—FOURTH OF JULY MATINEE. Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary.
Monday next, July 6th—will be presented, Tom Robertson's lovely Comedy of HOME, written expressly for Mr. Sothern, who will appear as Col. John White, as played by him for over two hundred and sixty consecutive nights, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on which occasion MISS BELLA PATEMAN will make her first appearance as Mrs. Pinchbeck.

J. Henry Tobbenboske,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
GROCERIES, WINES
AND
LIQUORS
S. W. Cor. Howard and Second Sts.,
San Francisco.
Goods Delivered to any part of the City Free.
je 20 tf

P. F. Brady,
LA GRANDE EXCHANGE,
610 MARKET STREET,
And No. 11 Post Street....(Opposite Masonic Temple,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
The reputation of the La Grande for the excellence of its Wines, Liquors and Cigars is always maintained.
my17-tf

P. J. McMahon,
....HOME AGAIN AT THE....
RUSS HOUSE SALOON
MONTGOMERY STREET.
my10-tf

TARA'S HALL EXCHANGE,
FINNICEN & BRADY,
DEALERS IN
WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS,
S. W. Cor. of Market and Fourth St.,
San Francisco.

EDWARD C. SLORAH
DEPOT OF
Lyon's Bottled Pale Ale
AND
XXX PORTER,
No. 708 Sansome St., Near Jackson St.,
San Francisco. je 27 tf

THOMAS CALLAN,
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
S. E. Cor. Montgomery and Merchant Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO. je 27 tf

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4, 1874.

THE HANDFUL OF EARTH.

The following poem refers to a very common and beautiful custom of Irish exiles, to bring or have with them when far away from the land of their birth, some of its earth to remind them of their Island home, to which their affectionate devotion is attracted by strong, intense, social and political feelings:

It's sailing I am at the dawn of the day,
To my brother that's over the sea:
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For it's breaking my heart it will be;
But a treasure I'll take for old Ireland's sake
That I'll prize all belonging above;
It's a handful o' earth from the land o' my birth,
From the heart o' the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad
When he sees the brave present I bring,
And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours,
In the warmth of beautiful spring?
Och, Erin Machree! though its partin' we be,
It's a blessin' I'll leave on your shore,
And your mountain and streams I will see in my dreams,
Till I cross to my country once more!

At Home and Abroad.

[From the Dublin Irishman.]

Whilst lists are opened for subscriptions to the Indian Famine Fund in the Irish Capital, under Government or official auspices, it may be well to call attention to the fact that money is much required for home charity also.

We have evey compassion for the Hindoos, we grudge them nothing, we trust they shall escape the heavy scourge laid on them. We are not, however, directly responsible for them, and we are for our own fellow-countrymen. They have a Government to which they can appeal and which appears to be doing more for them than was done for us during the famine time.

Hence we call attention to the people now suffering distress in Connemara. This may seem like a twice-told tale. There is, however, a truth we must remember—The people referred to are certainly kind-hearted, good, and industrious amongst all. They suffer by no fault of theirs. They cultivate up the steep mountain-sides, and wrest from the rocks a scanty subsistance. They may be found striving with the Atlantic breakers for the brown sea-wreck cast up against the desolate shore.

They do all that in them lies to live independent and pay their rents (for they have to pay rents and taxes even for this kind of life), and they keep themselves remarkably free from crime. The occurrence of exceptional crimes has brought them exceptional suffering.

It appears that an Act of Parliament exists authorising the making of a railway from Galway to Clifden, a distance of some fifty miles. It is asked that the Government shall make this operative by advancing a sum of money, so that the works may proceed. The request is reasonable, because there is a large surplus of the Disestablishment Fund, which is to be consecrated to the relief of distress. Part of it might suitably be advanced here, for no better way of relieving distress could be found than in promoting a project which may help to obviate it in the future.

The Government is spending millions in India—let it spend some thousands in Ireland of our own money.

Remarkable Examples of Retentive Memories.

Some people like Sancho Panza, very often "cant even remember their own names;" others like Pascal, remember almost everything. In giving a list some weeks ago of people with wonderful memories, we omitted many remarkable examples. For instance there was the Corsican youth mentioned by Muretus, the French poet and critic, who recited all the barbarous words that the latter had written till he was tired of writing, and of whom he says:—"Certainly he was no boaster, and he told me he could repeat in that way thirty-six thousand words. For my own part, I made tral of him and found what he said true." Then, again, there was Francais Suarez, who could recite the whole of St. Augustine, whose works would form a small library in themselves; there was Magliabachi, the librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who could repeat by heart almost every book he had read; there was Charmidas who, according to Pliny, could do the same; and there was Cinea, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, who saluted the Senate and all the people by their names the second day after his arrival in Rome. Many writers have held that diet has had not a little to do with rendering the memory retentive. Sir Benjamin Brodie was of this opinion. Magliabechi's eulogiser, Marmi, tells that the learned librarian took treacle at certain times, and lived upon the plainest food, to strengthen his memory, and the great Balcon declares in his "Natural History" that the same object may be obtained by partaking of the brains of hares and hens in wine. But, perhaps, the strangest directions for increasing the recollection are given by Grataroli, a learned physician of the sixteenth century, who wrote a latin treatise called "Memory's Castle," in which he gave numberless recipes against forgetfulness. A hazlenutful of a mixture of mule's fat, calcined human hair, cumin and bear's grease will, says the sapient author, "be found greatly comforting to the memory."—"Mirror."

THE COMING HOME RULE DEBATE.

Mr. Butt has addressed the following letter to the Secretary of the Home Rule League:—

London, June 3, 1874.

My Dear Sir:—The Committee of the League will probably be interested in knowing that I have succeeded in fixing Tuesday, the 30th inst. as the day on which the subject of Home Rule for Ireland will be submitted in a formal resolution to the House of Commons.

I would wish the Committee, at the same time, to understand that there has not been any postponement of the motion in any practical sense upon my part.

The Rules of the House prevent the giving of notices of motion for more than four weeks in advance. The result is that the days upon which motions have precedence are generally fully pre-engaged for that period. At the sitting of the House each day the precedence of members in giving notices is fixed by ballot.

In previous ballots I only obtained a low place, and was obliged to fix the notice for days upon which other motions had precedence, with very little chance of being able to bring it on. Last evening I was fortunate in obtaining the first place, and was thus able to fix the motion definitely for the 30th.

On that day it will stand as the first business on the order book of the House. I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully, Isaac Butt.

Familiar Quotations.

[From Hearth and Home].

Many familiar quotations are, in the majority of cases, ascribed to false sources, and we find the happy thoughts of gifted authors slipping readily from our tongue, but have only a confused idea, if any, of whose wit we are borrowing. How many of the eager questioners who have been met with "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," know that this tantilizing response is a direct quotation from Goldsmith? To him we are also indebted for "These little things are great to little men. And in Goldsmith's "Hermit," we find, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long;" but earlier than that Dr. Young had said in his "Night Thoughts," "Man wants but little, nor that little long." "All that glitters is not gold," is from Shakespeare. A question arose at a small party as to the origin of a line familiar to nearly every one present, "What shades we are what shades we pursue!" and after great diversity of opinion and considerable search it was found that not one of the company had given the true source. It is from a speech of Edmund Burke's delivered at Bristol on declining the poll in 1789. Pope is commonly, but unjustly, credited with the authorship of the popular question, "Immodest words admit of no defence, for want of decency is want of sense." It may be found in Lord Roscommon's essay on Translated Verses, which is also the source of "Choose an author as you choose a friend." Daniel Defoe is quoted as the author of the proverb "God no sooner builds a church than the devil puts up a chapel." Defoe wrote a poem, one verse of which was as follows:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil is sure to build a chapel there:
And 'till be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

But in writing this Defoe only versified a well-known proverb of his day. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "Where God hath a temple, the devil will have a chapel;" and Herbert in his "Jacula Prudentum," expressed the same idea. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small," may be found among Longfellow's "Poetic Aphorisms," and is a translation from Fredrick von Logan, a writer of the 17th century. From Pope's rich stores of thought we gather many popular maxims. "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" "Whatever is, is right;" "Order is Heaven's first law;" "Honor and shame from no condition rise;" "An honest man's the noblest work of God," may be found in Pope's "Essay on Man." In his "Essay on Criticism" "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" "To err is human, to forgive divine;" "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" "Your ease in writing comes from art, not chance—as those move easiest who learn to dance." The well-known line, "Well should you practice who so well can preach," occurs in his "Wife of Bath." There is an Italian proverb used in the extravagance of flattery expressive of this idea "When nature made thee she broke the mould." Byron uses it in the closing lines of his monody on the death of Sheridan:

"Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

"We live in deeds, not years," "Life is but a means unto an end," and "All up-hill work when we would do, all down-hill work when we would suffer," are quotations from Bailey's "Festus." For some time there was considerable perplexity as to the origin of the familiar line, "Though lost to sight to memory dear," but it has been finally settled that it originated with Buthven Jenkynes, and was first published in the Greenwich Magazine for Mariners, in 1701. "Through thick and thin," "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Death and death's half-brother sleep," are from Dryden. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and "Like angels' visits, few and far between," are from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." In a collection of old songs, published in the sixteenth century, we find "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." To those great storehouses of wise sayings, Shakspeare's works, the following owe their origin: "Double, double, toil and trouble," "Curses not loud but deep," "Make assurance double sure," "We shall not look upon his like again," and so many others that we find it dangerous with our limited space to even make a commencement. But while we owe a large debt of gratitude to Shakspeare, he usurps the credit of many good things others have written; the line "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," being one instance. This was written by Garrick in the occasional prologue spoken by him on leaving the stage. Scripture is often misquoted as Shakspeare, and vice versa, probably because Shakspeare was indebted to the Scriptures for many of his illustrations, and in reading his works we are frequently reminded of the Bible—not so much by a decided imitation of style as by an elevation of thought and simplicity of speech not found elsewhere. "The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket," is from Wordsworth's "Excursion." "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," from Young's "Night Thoughts." "God made the country and man made the town," from Coower's "Task," which is also the source of "The cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and the oft-quoted line, "Not much the worse of wear." Congreve, in his play of the "Old Bachelor," gives us "Married in haste, we may repent at leisure;" and "Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast," is by the same author, and occurs in his "Mourning Bride." "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," is in Gray's Ode on Eton College. "Christmas comes but once year," and "Its an ill wind that blows nobody any good," were written by Thomas Tusser in 1580. "Straws show which way the wind blows," by James Chatham, and "Out of sight out of mind," by Lord Brooks.

Miner's Affairs.

[From the Glasgow Citizen, May 21st.]

A mass meeting of the Lanarkshire miners was held on Monday at Uddington. The attendance, which at the first three Powburn meetings had been 15,000, 10,000, and 5,000 respectively, fell away yesterday to 2,500. This, it was explained, was in consequence of a large number of the men having resumed work on the terms demanded by them, viz., at the first reduction of twenty per cent. Arrangements were made for organising support to those still on strike by central and district committees. A mass meeting of the miners of Stirling and Linlithgowshire was also held yesterday near Polmont. It was agreed to resist any reduction above twenty-five per cent., and unlock the funds of the district association for the purpose of those on strike. The Mid and East Lothian Miners' Association held a meeting at Dalkeith, when the step taken by the men at two collieries, who had struck work, was approved of, and it was agreed to request the employers to withdraw the last reduction of 1s. per day. Strong hopes were expressed that this would be consented to. A meeting of colliery engine-keepers was held at Motherwell, at which it was resolved that those who were on strike, because their wages had been reduced below 5s. 6d. per shift, should remain out until that rate should be granted; and that, immediately on the miners' dispute being settled, 6s. should be demanded. In the Airdrie district, where most of the miners are still on strike, eighty families were ejected from Merry and Cunninghame's colliery houses yesterday, and are encamped, gipsy fashion, in a neighboring wood.

Heaven Forbid!—The "British Medical Journal" says the Tichborne Claimant is employed in his prison as a tailor. Let us hope he is not engaged in a new suit.

Charles Gavin Duffy.

At a banquet given in Melbourne on St. Patrick's Day, the Hon. Charles G. Duffy referred thus to his contemplated return to Ireland:

I am here to-night, gentlemen, notwithstanding that I found it necessary to decline invitations of a like character from other friends. I am going back for a time to the old world, and to the old land that we love, and you are entitled to expect that I would come to you for leave of absence, or, if the parting was to be a final one, come to say a cordial good-bye. You have read, I dare say, in the newspapers from time to time, stories of my particular purpose in going home so precise and circumstantial, that if they were only a little accurate there would be nothing left for me to tell you (laughter.) In truth, I am going mainly because I want leisure and repose to recruit my health, and have won the right to enjoy them by long years of hard work. But this is too simple an explanation for some ingenious persons. At one time it was said that the very office and the Administration with which I was to be associated were confidently named. Let me relieve the minds of these anxious critics by assuring them that I have no more desire or intention of occupying any office whatever, in any Administration whatever, on the other side of the equator, than of becoming Shah of Persia or King of Ashantee (cheers). The only office that would have any temptation for me is not now in existence, though some day or other it will be created. I wont mention its title, but perhaps you could guess when I say that its functions would be performed on Cork Hill, in a dingy old castle, which is prodigiously in need of a little moral whitewashing and ventilation, and partly in a slately classic edifice which stands opposite the site for Henry Grattan's statue in College-green (cheers). In the meantime I am a candidate for no office whatever that the old world has to bestow, from parish constable upwards or downwards. It was next said that I was hurrying home before the general election to secure a seat in the House of Commons as a Home Ruler. There was no particular need of hurrying, I believe, for some of the men with whom I was associated of old, when they heard of my coming, were good enough to propose to have me elected in my absence (cheers). But I could not consent to rush back into feeble life in feeble health, and with the imperfect knowledge of men and things so long an absence creates. An old soldier is apt to make enquiries about the state of discipline, the condition of the store and commissariat, and above all, the plan of campaign, before he buckles on his sword as a volunteer, however much he loves the cause. A seat in the House of Commons *per se* has no attraction for me. When I had a seat there before I threw it up because I found it impossible to accomplish the purpose that induced me to seek it. I found the position of an Irish member, who meant to do his duty honestly, and not to mount the cockade of the Whig or Tory, among the most painful and onerous that a man can occupy; and I fully believe that the best Irishmen sent to Westminster since the Union, died of wounds that bleed inwardly—of suppressed wrath, for example, and disappointed hope (cheers). I will never volunteer to re-enter the House of Commons, and I will never consent to re-enter it, unless it be with a party strong enough, capable enough, and upwright enough to create a public opinion of their own in the midst of that hostile assembly, and sufficiently in accord with respect to means and agencies to entitle them to hope for success in a difficult enterprise. And even then I would rather be a spectator than an actor. Not that I mean to be idle. A man with any faculty for work can no more be idle than a stream can cease to flow till its sources be dried up. But a stream need not always turn the mill-wheels of some practical purpose—flowing freely through pastures and cornfields, it may also be performing its appointed task. It is strange that the telegraph has not sent us the name of a single Irish member elected to the new Parliament. It may be that the Irish people have seized the occasion of the dissolution to send a compact disciplined body of representatives to London, able to make their claim formidable and urgent. If so I can promise you one Irish Australian traveller will look on from the Speaker's gallery at their labors with cordial sympathy, and without the slightest desire to replace any man in his seat.

One other service I aimed to do my countrymen—I encouraged them, by precept and example, never to abate the just claims of Ireland; never to be tempted by fear or favor to drag the green flag in the dust. (Cheers.) From the first hour I landed on these shores, I have insisted on the right of Ireland to supreme control of her own interests as distinctly as I did at home. It is easy enough to hold it among an exiled Irish nation in the United States, but I had to hold it in the face of unsparing enemies, who used it to excite ignorant prejudice against me at every step of my public career. (Cheers.) But I look back upon no circumstance of my life in this country with more satisfaction than the recollection that, whether in office or opposition, I never pampered the prejudices of the majority by hesitating to insist that our native country is as justly entitled to govern herself as England. (Loud cheers.)

The Galway Election.

The correspondent of the "Freeman's Journal," writing from London, says:

Determined to loose no time in bringing his recent disqualification by Mr. Justice Lawson before the public, Mr. O'Donnell presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons, and asked permission to be heard on a question of privilege. The judge's report to the House had not then been announced by the Speaker, and therefore Mr. O'Donnell was for the moment still a member, but the Speaker at once informed the House of the judge's decision, and Mr. O'Donnell of course withdrew; but that gentleman does not intend to let the matter drop by any means, for I understand that Mr. Mundella has undertaken to present Mr. O'Donnell's petition for a removal of the disqualification imposed upon him by the judgment to the House, and in this step he will be supported by several English members of influence. By this petition Mr. O'Donnell will ask leave to appear at the bar and plead his own case, and assuming this being acceded to by the House, as it probably will be, Mr. O'Donnell will make a simple statement of the facts as they actually were, and upon the strength of that statement he will claim the nulification of the disqualification. After this statement the next step will be the introduction of a Bill to remove the disability imposed, and this will then have to pass through the various stages of ordinary Bills in Parliament.

This summer ladies are going to dress their hair just as they did three hundred years ago, says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.

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Mr. Barton:

Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,
Mr. G. Bayley,
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BARTON'S YEAST POWDER
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Manufactory, 211, 213, Sacramento
[fe21tf]

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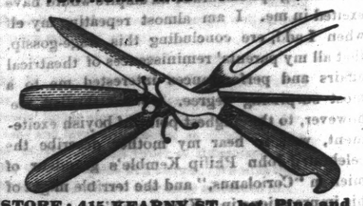
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A CHOICE SELECTION OF PUREST WINES AND Liquors for Family and Medicinal use always on hand. Goods delivered Free of Charge. fe21tf

English Diplomacy Against the Russian Sword.

(Dublin Irishman)

Whilst England and Russia are at war (by proxy) in Afghanistan--the backers of parties whereof the Russian seems the stronger—there is another species of struggle to the north of India,

Two countries bound this on the north. The observer who has ventured to the summit of the Hindoo Koosh range on turning his back to the broad and rich Indian land and facing towards the Pole, sees another range of mountains rise in the direction of his gaze. This is the Beloor Tagh range, which, starting from the Hindoo Koosh runs a zig-zag course, notwithstanding. On the left or western side of the Beloor Tagh is Turkestan, once called Independent Tartary. *Russia* entered upon it and it is "independent" no more. Khiva and Khokan and Samarcand, and all its chief cities belong to the Russ.

On the right or east side of the Beloor Tagh, lies Eastern Turkestan, which has been regarded as being nominally, at least, part of the Chinese Empire. Here *England* has thought good to enter.

The Russian went, sword in hand.

The Englishman goes with a yard stick.

In point of dignity, perhaps, the proceeding of the Englishman is not quite equal to that of the Russian; but he expects to make, at least, equal profit. And he sets forth this exploit as being of no importance sufficient to be talked of in the same breath with the Russian Conquest of Khiva. We cannot better gratify his vanity now than by listening to the chief organ of his nation vaunting this triumph. Thus saith the *Times*:—

A part of the public which does not usually concern itself with Asiatic affairs has taken an interest in the adventurous expeditions which have been late directed to Yarkand. The progress of the Russian arms, which within ten years has made the Czar master of some of the most important positions in Turkestan and the virtual ruler of that vast country, excites a legitimate rivalry among Englishmen, and when our zealous countrymen in India undertook to bring the Mahomedan Ruler of Kashgar and Yarkand within the range of British policy and commerce, general goodwill attached to the enterprise. Tashkand and Samarkand, Khiva and Bokhara have fallen, or are doomed to fall under the dominion of the Muscovite; why should not the Englishman press forward and, by more friendly but not less effective methods, extend his country's influence over the secluded region which lies to the north of India?

"More friendly, but not less effective methods!" Truly the words are neatly chosen. We much admire the use of "friendly," and especially of the use of the comparative "more friendly," here. And doubtless the Mohammedan ruler of Kashgar and Yarkand will admire it in his way when he discovers that the British "method," is "not less effective," than the Russian!

Either the *Times* wishes to delude England with a vain thing, or it means by its words that the British flag shall wave over that country, as the Russian does over Khiva. And indeed, this method of conquest is known. The Oriental may know by this time that when the British Banner waves, a yardstick always precedes it, and a tax gatherer follows it.

It means that or it means delusion. If it means that, admire with us the employment of the word "friendly.

The simple Oriental should pray to ALLAH, noon and night, to be saved from such friendship. For English political friendship is the best thing in the world to have nothing to do with.

It is highly interesting to watch the operation of the yard stick as a conquering weapon, and therefore we give a place to the narrative, which shows in the first place how the Ruler of Kashkar has been tempted to throw off his allegiance to the Emperor of China. Carefully as the thing has been prepared, that the fact leaks out.

"Mr. Forsyth received full powers from the Governor General, and from time to time intellegence of his journey has been given in our colums. Those who have followed his progress with interest will be glad to learn the political result. It is embodied in a Treaty which, as the Plenipotentiary of the Governor General, Mr. Forsyth concluded with the Ameer. That Ruler has probably not been unwilling to assure his independence of the Chinese by negotiating on terms of equality and friendship with the formidable Power which preponderates in Southern and Eastern Asia. He received the British Envoy with cordiality, and assented readily to the establishment of relations which should increase the intercourse between his country and India. This was the more easy, as there never was a Treaty between a great European Power and a small half civilized State in which the latter was more respectfully treated. The diplomatic and consular agents of each of the contracting parties will possess equal rank and authority; the commercial stipulations are eminently favourable to the traders of the Ameer's dominions, and those which regulate the status of British subjects resident in Yarkand are the mildest of all possible Capitulations."

Having tempted this poor Ameer to revolt, the next thing to be done is to make sure that he shall hold the country for English interest, and be prevented from becoming an ally of Russia, if that should seem more useful for his country, as it well may before long. Therefore, it is proposed to establish "an English interest" in the country, to get English traders into it who shall have peculiar privileges of their own, who shall not be responsible to the Ameer's courts for any peccadillo, and who shall, in fact, act as very useful spies and political agents in this Canaan.

The liberty given to the Ameer to establish agents throughout India, is very touching. If he like to spend money in that way, he is permitted. But whilst the "commercial agents" of the English shall be political agents, to spread the influence and grasp of England, to win over his chiefs and mighty men, his agents shall be occupied in pricing Birmingham calicos. The character and influence of the Commercial Agent may be known from the fact that in criminal cases, where the accused is an Englishman—this English Agent shall be the judge—"in presence of an agent appointed by the Ameer" (to look on)!

Of course, the one object of all these intrigues "to further good government and civilisation." At the same time the British merchant is encouraged to trade, because, "the people are comfortable and have attained a high degree of civilization." Whether they shall be more comfortable and better governed when brought into contact with the Government of India—where famine periodically reigns—they will learn in time.

In the meanwhile, Mr. FORSYTH informs his masters:—

Peace and security to property exist,

The peasantry live in solitary farms without fear of robbers,

There is no Arms Act in the country,

Violent crimes are almost unknown and thefts are rare.

There are innumerable restaurants and bakeries, and bread, meat are hawked about the street, and a very cheap dinner is thus provided for the masses.

English "civilization" will improve all this. There is however, one hope for the natives, and it lies in the cause of the warring which Mr. Forsyth feels obliged to give to his countrymen.

In conclusion, there is one point on which any British trader or traveler purposing to visit this country ought to be informed, and which he would do well to bear in mind, The people of Eastern Turkestan, though good natured, friendly, and hospitable to Europeans, own to no inferiority of race, and will not submit to be roughly treated. They meet Europeans with perfect politeness but on terms of equality, and any attempt at hauteur or domineering will be quickly and fiercely resented.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

THE Italian correspondent of the *Times* writing from Rome on the 30th ult. says:—Rome was yesterday alarmed by the intelligence of a tragic event. Count Claudi Faina, of Orvieto, a man about sixty years of age, brother of the Deputy Faina, of Perugia, and a near relative of the Senator, Donzetta Alsto, of Perugia, as he was driving home in his carriage from the fair of Viterbo, was attacked by a gang of four ruffians with masks, and carried off to the neighboring mountains, where a price of £8,000 was put upon his head. The encounter happened on the 25th inst. (Whit-Monday) on the old post road between Montefiascins and Orvieto, where Count Francesco Cozza, of Orvieto, met with a similar accident a few months ago. The daughter of Count Faino, Signora Palacco, who happened to be here in Rome, left immediately for Orvieto, probably with the hope of saving her father by complying with the terms of the brigands. But it was too late. The unfortunate nobleman was found dead in a field of corn, and it is supposed that his captors, closely pursued by the public force, dispatched a victim who was a hindrance to them in their flight. These are ominous tidings for Orvieto, a town which, since the opening of the railway line connecting it with the capital, seemed likely to become the favorite resort of travellers and the abode of the families of many of those officials whom duty detains at home during the worst months of the unhealthy season. Incidents of this description have a startling, and, indeed, a demoralizing effect. The only consolation is that they are daily becoming less frequent and improvement is everywhere perceptible. Three of the six galley slaves who were still at large in consequence of the outbreak of a whole gang of forty-five from the jail of Cozenza have been captured, and there is hope thnt the remaining three will soon be in the hands of the public force, so that the whole district of Rosarno and of Calabria will be relieved from the alarm which the prospect of a revival of brigandage had spread among the people. The roads may be said to be comparatively safe in the rest of the Italian mainland. But the same cannot be said of Sicily, and especially of the Provinces of Palermo and Girgenti, where brigandage is more than ever rampant, especially since General Medici withdrew from the Prefecture of Palermo and from the military command of the island. There the authorities, anxious to relieve the over-worked regular force, have hit upon the plan of setting a Sicilian to catch a Sicilian, and have organized troops of Militia cavalry, a kind of native Yeomanry, fitted, as it was hoped, by a knowledge of persons and localities to cope with the bands of malefactors who seem to be at the same time ubiquitous and invisible. Between these ill-fated huntsmen and their game there is ruthless, internecine war; squads of devoted Militia are almost daily dropping before the fire of their enemies, hid in ambush, by whom the wounded and the slain are afterwards torn to pieces with Red Indian savagery. The spoils of their victims are often used by the conquerors for other purposes besides mere trophies; for, as I read in *Fanfulla*, a horde of ruffians, disguised as mounted militia, have lately been pillaging houses and defenceless way-farers in the district of Bagheria. Persons who have occasion to travel are compelled to hire a whole body-guard—a little army, with van and rear guards, as in open war, and with link men or torchbearers for the night; the caravan proceeding wearily at a foot's pace, and employing two or three days to get over a distance of eight or ten hours' march.

Capture of a Gang of youthful Footpads.

[South London Press, May 21st.]

"Captain Norris," one of the Knights of the Peckham Road, aged fifteen, has come to grief. The juvenile desperado, leader of a predatory band which had become a nuisance to the neighborhood, was on Monday evening betrayed into an indiscretion. While, in the manner of other heroes of the road, striding moodily along at the head of his followers in Grove Lane, dagger in belt, he was encountered by one Master Lightfoot, who girded at the captain of the band, exclaiming injuriously, "There's a nice boy for ye!" or words to like disparaging effect. It was not in brave nature to submit to such indignity. Deigning no reply, the captan drew the dagger from his belt, it flashed a moment in the air, and the next was plunged into the caitiff's arm. As the blood gushed from the wound, the captain and his followers—ran away! Pursued and overtaken by a myrmidon of the law, the capture of the band was effected, not without desperate resistance on the part of its chieftain, who strove, but ineffectually, to dagger his captor. When searched, there were found on the band shot and powder, acquired, presumably, with a view to an ultimate investment in a pistol, and on the noble captain a copy of "Knights of the Road," with his own marginal thumb marks. The hero was subsequently hauled before the Lambeth magistrates, who had cut short a promising career by committing him for trial, and he is now metaphorically speaking, languishing in the lowest dungeon below the castle moat, awaiting his doom. The band is dispersed, and the safety of Peckham restored.

EXPORTS OF IRISH CATTLE TO ENGLAND.—Ireland sent to England last year upwards of 68,000 cattle more than in 1872. The exportation of sheep to England increased by 86,000 animals. There would appear to be almost no limit to the producing capacity of the Irish pastures, or the consumptive power of the English people. One-half of the cattle and sheep imported from this country has hitherto entered England by way of Liverpool; but in consequence of restrictions imposed upon the trade at that port Irish cattle are beginning to be sent to other harbors. Already apprehensions are expressed lest the price of butcher's meat should be increased through the decline of the Irish cattle transit through Liverpool.—"Irish Times."

AMONG the passengers by the steamer Adriatic, which Arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday, was Miss Neilson. During her stay in America Miss Neilson was attacked by illness, and was unable to appear on the stage for several weeks. The warm and invigorating climate of Florida, however, enabled her to recover and resume her professional vocations. She has signed an agreement with Max Strakosch to return to the United States during the ensuing season, £700 per week has been guaranteed.

Dry Goods.

English Bankrupt Stock.

£23,965 6s. 8½d.

A TUMBLING AVALANCHE,

CRUSHING and CINCHING

The Whole Trade.

"The first day of the Great Bankrupt Sale, Gleeson & Fell received an ovation such as was never given to any Dry Goods House of the same dimensions in the world. The Day's Record shows $9,680 cash."

[—Morning Call, Jan. 12, 1874.]

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

First—The Palace will open for general business at 9 A. M., and close, sharp, at 5 P. M., giving our patrons a clear eight hours for making their purchases. The manipulation alone of this grand stock entails a vast amount of labor, as we are compelled to classify to economize our time as well as that of our visitors.

Second—We will not under any circumstances whatever, deviate from price. We consider such a course unjust, besides throwing away much valuable time. Our system is so well known that we need not say more on that point.

Third—There will be five parcel deliveries in the city each day, viz: 10 A. M., 12 M., 2, 4 and 6 P. M. All parcels will be delivered on the day of purchase, as every day brings its own work. An extra van has been engaged to help us through. Special arrangements have been made for the accommodation of our Oakland friends. We have made provisions that all such purchases shall be delivered promptly at their respective addresses in Oakland, thereby saving the purchasers any inconveniences attached to the deliveries at the boat.

Fourth—All parcels sent free within one hundred miles of the city.

Fifth—We pledge ourselve to see that all attention be paid to visitors, be they rich or poor. We trust our patrons will help us in this matter, as one of the firm or the Superintendent will be constantly on the floor to record any complaint, and rectify any misunderstandings that may arise through the pressure of business.

INSTRUCTIONS TO VISITORS.

Parties arriving by boat will get into the Central Cars, ask the conductor to stop at Sixth and Market, one minute's walk from the Palace. All the city cars run within from one to five minutes' walk of the Palace. Ask for the nearest point to Fifth and Market.

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Opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Although DR. BRENAN may differ considerably in his practice from many members of the Profession, yet, he is possessed of the highest credentials from the most learned and celebrated Medical Colleges in the country; and all who have attended his lectures bear witness to the clear and lucid manner in which he defines every portion of the human frame, giving the reasons for the various diseases which the tissues of the human body are subject to, and illustrating every portion of the human system by the simple aid of a black-board, thereby proving himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of the human configuration. On these lectures the Press of all our large cities have showered the highest encomiums of praise; and DR. BRENAN has been also greatly complimented by the leading physicians of the day. He has devoted much of his time and research to the diseases of the nervous system and reproductive organs, and also to general and nervous debility. And for this purpose DR. BRENAN spent several years in Paris, where the best facility is offered for the thorough investigation of the cause of these most complicated diseases. Nasal Catarrh and other diseases of the throat and chest, have also been the subject of special lectures delivered throughout the country. The Doctor, therefore, offers his services with confidence to all the afflicted of humanity who may suffer from any of the complaints incidental to the human frame. In addition to his own professional office and consultation room, the Doctor has also secured parlors affording every convenience for the accommodation of ladies and gentleman separately.

Office, 127 Montgomery street, opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Office Hours—9 to 12 and 1 to 5; in the evenings, 6 to 8.

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Father Sheehy's Lecture.

(Continued from our First Page.)

Well, I may not pause to speak of '48, my friends; but I come down to a more modern period; and, I say this,—that Fenianism—[great cheering]—yes, derided at it has been by many, and scoffed at and abused,—it was the last and latest beat of the Irish heart for liberty; and that ism is neither dead nor sleeping, but in a new and perfect form, a systematized and compact form, lives on, [continued cheers]; it lives on, with fresh, young life, imperishable like the immortal principles of which it is the champion and embodiment at this hour [applause].

May I not, standing upon these sacred principles and allowing my memory to go back over the long story of the past,—do I not behold all the beauty, all the harmony, all the sublimity, and all the power of an epic poem in this story of Ireland's strugglings after liberty;—and casting the horoscope of the future by the knowledge which I own of increasing manhood, growing intelligence, hardening purpose, and compacted character,—the truth which will not tolerate falsehood, which I know to exist at this hour in the young manhood and in the purpose which animates the youth of Ireland, to take up the old flag, rent and shattered though it be,—to take up and garner the sacred heritage consecrated by the blood of ages; and placing it in their souls, placing it on the purest shrine, there to swear on it in many a vow that they will guard that heritage with life and soul, in defiance of death and in the hope of redemption,—swear to die or guard that immortal treasure;—may I not, I say, standing here, to night, upon these principles, and casting my mind abroad, reviewing the forces that are this hour arranging themselves into compact powers in Ireland and in foreign lands;—may I not intelligently point to the declaration pointed to by our fathers in every age, and that consecrated our race more and more to liberty;—may I not say that the graves of the last survivors of the Irish race will be the last and final ramparts of Irish liberty (loud cheers)? Yes, my friends, solemnly I say it,—that ours is a history which pledges us to hope in heroism;—a history which implies and gives auguries of the future;—a history which preaches to men the promise that the end is not yet, but shall yet be revealed. Let us pray for it, let us work for it, that the, revelation may come even in our day, of God's grace, in gratulation and in glory [cheers]. But ours it is, to say whether Irish libert,, whose history is of the past [and some will say it is of the past] ours it is to say whether Irish liberty shall have a history in the future,—ours to write of that history a new and illumined page, in a fresh chapter of a new history of a new and enobled Ireland;—ours to do and to dare those deeds whose fruit shall be the illustrious, wide renown of Ireland and of Irish race;—ours to mark and to make this immortal epoch;—ours to declare the deliverance;—ours to break the tradition of tears;—ours to open a halo of light amid the gloom of centuries that has wrapped the fortunes and hopes of Ireland in darkness and in death;—ours to reveal our Erin in her ancient queen-like form, and to robe her in the vesture of ancient renown which was her's;—ours to sceptre her with power, and to diadem her with glory, that we may fairly, at last, claim to wed Ireland, in sisterhood of love and liberty, with this young, royal, beauteous, fresh, and beyond all nations glorious queen of the aspirations of humanity, hope of the future, nurse of heroes, mother of men and guardian of liberty and republicanism,—your own glorious Columbia [cheers]. It has been said of us (and perhaps with too much truth), that we over much remember the past,—that it had been better did we cease to "remember the glories of Brian the brave," and address ourselves to the present, more appropriate to us, that it may become the promise of the future, and finally be the guarantee of its glories. There is truth in this, and there is also sophistry. Did we forget our past, we should forget our inspiration. Did we ignore our past, we should, indeed, be poor and abject and ignoble at present. Ignoring the past, we would strip ourselves of everything that makes the Irish name noble or dignified in the worlds estimation. But we overmuch treat of the past, without reference to the present;—we linger in the past just as the Irishman in Ireland lingers after dinner sipping his glass of punch. We enjoy the relish of the memories of other days; but we read not the moral which encourages our present and speaks of the promise of the future. Yes by all means, let the past for ever perish from our view; let darkness shroud it within its tomb, and no thought nor word of ours sound one echo ever more 'mid the holy ruins of fair temples and shrines that once witnessed our long faded glories; let the temples moulder and the tombs disappear, if they speak no lesson to the present, and breathe no inspiration for the future.

What avail to us the things which have been, if we instruct not ourselves as what ought to be again. There is a soul in memory,—a voice, a power, and a charm,—but only when it is a beacon light to us that bids us on to destiny and deliverance. Then do the heroic dead speak to us,—call to us from the past:—their dust is silent, but their souls—the spirits of the mighty ones—harangue us, and bid us make with them a brave sacrifice. Oh! ideal of the ages! vision of our souls, ever in view, yet ever vanishing,—charming yet ever cheating our fancies,—who, at last, will pluck it from out the darkness of the tomb? Oh! liberty the talker's theme, the patriot's prayer, the dreamer's dream, and the thinker's torment, who will at last make the ours? I put the question—What men—what combination of men—what system founded upon principle will achieve this great destiny for Ireland? This is the crucial question, my friends. Do you believe in Irish liberty? Do you believe that it can have a history in the future? (cheers and cries of "Yes;" one voice said "No.") There is a doubter here who says "no," although my enthusiastic friend on the left centre says "yes" [cheers]. God bless him for it [renewed cheers]. That is his faith; and faith is the fundament of hope, and from hope comes heroism, and heroism has ever been the warrantee and guarantee of the world's highest triumphs [cheers]. Yes, I know that I have not only one here to-night who believes, but, many believers in the future history of Irish liberty. But, my friends, it is a work;—it forms a splendid theme to talk about, but is the work of men,—of men who do not possess the souls of women,—aye, and of women who possess the souls of men [cheers]. And now my friends I declare to you my own belief; indeed, without egotism, I do believe in Irish liberty as a living cause,—as a living principle which will have its triumph [tremendous cheering]. I believe in humanity, and I believe in the God of humanity. I believe in God, and I believe in all the attributes which philosophy teaches us go to make up the God-head; but especially I believe that God is good, that God is love, that God is mercy; aye, and that God is justice. Bossuet makes the distinction between nations and individuals, in regard to merit and demerit, in this world below, and the reward or punishment in consequence. The individual man, be he just or be he criminal, God's sunshine falls alike upon both; and the measure of reward or punishment is reserved for the great hereafter. But the nation's reward or the nation's punishment, he declares, must be obtained on earth, because of the distinction in the cases. The individual man lives in his immortal spirit; but the nation has no hereafter, therefore its reward or punishment must be meted out in this world. Applying this axiom, surely England merits a reward; and Ireland, I should think, merits another one; for God is just, on the one hand, and He is merciful on the other; and if ever a nation went through long centuries, suffering the horrors of martyrdom, without complaint, without a murmur, and, at the same time, not without resistance—and in the darkest hour that flung its shadow across her path, in the hour of her sorest trials, when death came to build his palace on her most fertile plains, while men were born into the world to gaze upon her only as their sepulchre, and while the voice of mourning spread its wail from end to end of the land, yet, ever and ever still, there was only one murmer upon the lips of Erin: "Blessed be God; His will be done!" And I say that that prayer, that confidence placed in Heaven, merits yet a look of hope from the face of God [applause]. And I believe in this modern hour, when the republican idea is speaking in words of power to every heart; when the great humanity of nations is swayed by this divine impulse of liberty for manhood in this great nineteenth century: when the intellect of Ireland is coming forth once more to kiss the sunlight;—in this hour, when the manhood of Ireland is raising itself aloft, placing itself on its feet, raising its forehead toward Heaven, to have God's sunlight fall upon it; I do believe that in this hour, as in the hour of Washington, we shall do God's will, His behest, and His command,—that we shall be the instrument of His justice to strike that despotism down which has lived on this earth only to curse humanity by oppression, the darkest, vilest oppression. But while I put my trust in God, at the same time I state what is philosophically true: we must work. While we piously rely upon His will, we must not loose self-reliance upon ou-selves [great applause]. That little adage of trusting in God and keeping our powder dry illustrates my meaning.

I believe in Irish liberty; and I found my belief, first, in God; second, in ourselves. I believe that, if liberty has its triumph, that triumph must have an intelligent basis, that it must be the offspring of the battle-god; and that through organization alone can it have a hopefnl triumph. Consequently believing in Irish liberty, I believe in an Irish war [loud cheers]. With tyrants, armed menace is the only resistance that has ever been found conclusive: and the long story of our experience with England convinces us that, with her, the blow is the only logic that would be conclusive. Appeals, where England is the tyrant, will not convince; and she herself has told us so. "Let these Irish spouters," writes the London *Times*, in one of its blistering taunts,—"let these Irish spouters know that this thing called liberty, which they dream of and talk of, is a reality, it is a thing and an end which must be worked out with armed hands."

The lecturer then referred, in no complimentary terms to the English Republican, Bradlaugh, and said that he should have been scorched out of the country, as the eloquent Dominican scorched out Froude a year before. He then continued:—Good, easy people will whisper "peace and patience." Patience! "Patience!" exclaimed Thomas Francis Meagher; "we have joined the patience of Job with the poverty of Lazarus." Peace! No my friends everything in current events goes to prohibit the possibility of peace between Ireland and England. No peace with the power whose footprints have been the graves of our race. No peace, while every acre of our land exhales blood, which cries to Heaven for vengeance. No peace while our only charter of right is the privilege to bleed, to starve, or to emigrate (great cheering). No peace with the power whose every decree is a knell of doom, and whose sole remedy is emigration for the young and strong, and starvation, and the workhouse for the feeble and dying. Peace! No; no peace with the thief; no peace with the assasin. Thief and assasin!—behold the character, behold the career of England as protrayed to us by her own sword, and by her halters and murderers, during the whole of her relations with our unfortunate race. Thief and assassin England has been in the past, thief and assassin she is at this present hour; and thief and assassin she will be in the future, unless we are there some fine morning to take her by the throat and choke her dead [tumultuous and continued cheers.]

The Rev. gentleman continued in a long and able argument for war, in which he referred to the wars of the Popes, the Crusades, Charlamange, St. Bernard, Peter the Hermit and the war of the saints and heroes of the Church.

He concluded by insisting that Ireland's centuries of suffering would be sufficient excuse for war upon her hereditary foe, when opportunity allowed; and said: I found all my hopes of Irish liberty upon organization. It will be my hope and yours to live and work for that hour when the element of the united power of Ireland in America, linked in love and and liberty with Ireland at home, is chanting the anthem of Irish freedoom. And may I live to see the battle-dust—the battle-cloud—arise above my country; because only through the cloud of war can I hope to see the star of liberty rising and dawning in smiles of beauty upon a ransomed, regenerated, happy and restored Irish nationality.

The lecturer retired amid tremendous cheers, after which the audience dispersed.

[From the Commercial Herald.]

MARKET REPORT.

[For the week ending Thursday, July 2d.]

FLOUR—Oregon sent us in June 13,000 bbls, mostly Extra: and from August 1st, 1873, to May 25th, 1874, 114,000 bbls, making for the season a total of about 127,000 bbls.

The quantity of Flour manufactured and exported in California during the year past has been considerably greater than ever before, and to the millers has, for once in years, been a year of profit to them. We think, without an exception, all the mills in the State have yielded handsome returns, and is encouraging to all in the business. The Starr Mills, Vallejo, have done the largest traffic of any one establishment, and for the year to come expect to double their working capacity, making 1,400 bbls per day. The Golden Gate, Golden Age, National and Genesee Mills are next in order as to capacity, although there are many others in city and State doing a large business. During the week under review two steamers have reached us from Oregon; the Idaho with 3,080 half sks, and the John L. Stephens with 2,097 qr sks. The Thomas Dana, for Liverpool, as before noted, carries 40,000 qr sks Oregon Extra. The market is quite active for Superfine, the Chinese buying for the Hongkong market, to go forward on the 3d inst., per steamer Lord of the Isles, with sales to a considerable extent at $4 50@4 62½@4 75, according to brand and quality. Vallejo Starr Mills Extra Baker and Family, also Golden Gate and Golden Age Mills silk-dressed Extras may be quoted at $5 50@5 75 ₱ 196 lbs for cargo parcels; small jobbing sales, $6 ₱ bbl. The Great Republic, for Hongkong, carried the bulk of 3,931 bbls; the Vancouver, for same, 7,228 bbls; the Pacific, for Central American ports, had 1,710 bbls.

WHEAT—The new crop is now coming forward steadily, finding ready buyers at good prices, millers and shippers both purchasing freely. We note a sale of 500 tons new to the Vallejo Starr Mills at $1 60, to be delivered within a fortnight at the mill. Sales on the spot for the week embrace the following parcels: 450 tons prime old for milling at $1 60; 6,000 sks old, $1 75; 3,000 sks Oregon, $1 67½; 1,700 sks old California, $1 80@1 82½; 1,500 sks do, $1 77½; new crop, 2,500 sks choice, $1 67½@1 70; 1,500 sks new club, $1 65@1 67½; the market closing strong for spot parcels. Liverpool quotations at the close are lower, say 12s 3d@12s 6d, and for club 12s 6d@12s 10d. The Patterdale for Liverpool carried a part cargo—300 tons—new club, the first shipment of the season, the Thos. Dana to follow with 500 tons same.

OATS—The receipts from Oregon continue on a free and liberal scale. During the month of June 20,400 ctls were received, which includes 1,306 sks per Idaho, and 4,461 sks per J. L. Stephens. The sales for the week are 1,500 sks Oregon, private; 500 sks light, $1 50; 500 sks fair, $1 55; 500 sks do, $1 57½. Sales in lots of 1,500 sks good to choice at $1 6X@1 65@1 70 ₱ ctl.

POTATOES—The steamship Great Republic, hence for Hongkong on the 27th June, carried 1,966 pkgs, an unusually large shipment. Since our last, the receipts have been in excess of the demand. Halfmoon Bay are now selling at $1 25@1 50; Mission, $1, 25@1 37½.

HIDES—Supplies are coming in freely, with liberal sales of Dry at 18@18½c for selections; Murrain, 12c; Wet Salted, 8½@9c.

POULTRY—Is in good demand, with fair receipts. We quote prices as follows: Hens and Roosters, $7@8 50; Broilers, $3 00@6 50; tame Ducks, $6 00@7 00 ₱ doz; tame Geese, $1 50@2 00 ₱ pair; Turkeys, live, 18@20c ₱ lb; Hare, $2 50@3 ₱ doz.

CATTLE—Meats of all descriptions are plenty and cheap; quality excellent. Slaughterer's prices are: Beef, ₱ quarter, first quality, 5½@6c; second quality, 3@3½c. Mutton is plentiful at 4½@5c. Spring Lambs, 6@7c. Calves plenty—held at 6c. Hogs are very plentiful, and prices have fallen to 6@6½c, the latter price for small, which are very scarce, and 8¾@9¼c for dressed, the latter for choice small Hogs.

DAIRY PRODUCE—We note the receipt of 4 car-loads (80,000 lbs) Iowa Butter, received within ten days past in Welch tubs and kegs: a portion of this sold to the trade at 20@22½c and is now jobbing at 22½@25c in lots. We are now receiving small lots from Oregon, selling at 20@24c, according to quality and condition. The tendency of the market for above kinds is toward lower rates. There is a moderate supply of fresh Roll Butter, which is in good demand at 28@30c for good to choice, while a few fancy dairies bring 32½c; extra choice in tubs and half firkins, 50 lbs each, firm at 32½c; ordinary firkin of good quality is held at 26@30c. California Cheese is coming in freely, selling at 11@15c. Eggs—The market is overstocked with Eastern, and consequently prices remain quite low, for all kinds: fresh California are quotable at 25@27½c; Eastern, 15@18c, which is less than cost. 7,000 dozen Oregon just received, held at 18@18c, and extremely dull, portions of back shipments still remaining unsold.

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